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VOL. LXXVIII—NO. 2017. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1904. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
Politics, Literature, Science and Art.

FOUNDED IN 1865.

[*Entered at the New York City Post Office as second-class mail matter.*]

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1904.

The Week.

It is not alone the fact that the ratification of the Panama treaty had long been foregone which accounts for its very subdued reception. The thing leaves too bad a taste in the mouths of too many. As Mr. Root admitted on Monday, the whole affair has "troubled" our best and most thoughtful citizens. Senator Hoar, in his finest *enfant-terrible* manner, said on the same day that he had feared the treaty was reproducing a "condition like that which preceded the first and second elections of Mr. Cleveland—a condition of fancied security at Washington, and a condition of well-founded alarm among Republicans in the places where elections are decided." No wonder that jubilation is wanting. No wonder, either, that people are rubbing their eyes as they read of the dispatch of troops to the Isthmus, and the introduction of a bill to set up a government of our own over the canal strip. It is, they now see, an annexation which has been effected. Of course, the canal will be built and the world will benefit; but no good can come to the men who have used abhorrent means to bring this work about. The historic record will show that, as Senator Hoar declared in the Senate on December 17, President Roosevelt committed a lawless act of war against a friendly but defenceless nation, and then "proceeded to secure the pocketbook [the canal] of the victim." If this be glory, make the most of it.

Senator Hanna's death can have no sadder result than the resignation of Perry Heath from the secretaryship of the Republican National Committee, which was announced on Sunday. Mr. Heath affirms that his retirement is due simply and solely to the loss of the great leader whom he had served so faithfully and whom he had so recently nominated for the Presidency. How the Committee and the great Republican party can recover from such a blow as this we cannot imagine. It was undoubtedly rather to Mr. Heath—according to Mr. Heath's point of view—than to Mr. Hanna that the last Republican successes were due. It must be admitted, even by his political opponents, that Mr. Heath was a rare man to have at the helm in stirring campaign times. His skin was ever tough. Conscience was a word unknown to him, however frequently it might come from the lips of the silkstockings in politics. For him any and all methods were justified by the end to be achieved. What mattered it to him that men accused him of misconduct in high office, so long as there was a statute of limitations?

Mr. Cleveland's summons to his party to unite for a vigorous campaign is an appeal for courage and conviction from a man who has proved his possession of both. It sounds also the note of hope. The ex-President, whose political sagacity has been shown on more than one occasion, believes that the skies are bright with promise for the Democrats. But he plainly warns them that they will spoil all unless they give over their wanderings in bye and forbidden paths. A stout reaffirmation and reapplication of old principles is what the time demands, not a fatuous pursuit of new follies. On the Panama matter, Mr. Cleveland speaks with no uncertain sound, proclaiming our disregard of "the territorial rights of another nation," and the suspicion cast upon our "national good faith." But all this only heightens the demonstration of incapacity on the part of the Democratic Senators. They had it in their power to defeat the policy which they condemn; but half of them weakly decided to be content with denouncing the means by which the treaty was obtained, and then to vote for it.

Why these sudden warnings, in Republican Clubs and elsewhere, against a third term in the Presidency? Can it be that the orators really fear another nomination of Mr. Cleveland? In his case it certainly seems as if the cry of "Cæsarism" would be a little too absurd. The prejudice against a third term is founded on the dread lest an unscrupulous President plot to keep himself continuously in power, and gradually break down free institutions. But a Cæsar who spends first four years, and then eight, between terms of office, as a modest private citizen, with no retainers and no guards about him, cannot be a very imminent peril to our liberties. So clear is that that we think the effort to raise the third-term cry against Mr. Cleveland would only provoke laughter. Should he be again nominated, it would take more than that argument to beat him. Indeed, its early production by Republican speakers seems to argue a suspicion that they would find it difficult to beat him at all.

We cannot find words properly to characterize the ingratitude of the Porto Ricans. Not content with having a delegate in Congress of equal powers with the representatives of New Mexico and our other Territories, and with having the right to enter and leave the United States freely, these miserable "dagoes" and "half-breeds" actually demand Statehood or freedom. Such impudence is really unheard of. Did we not free them from the harshest kind of tyranny? Have we not given them many new schools, up-to-date municipal charters, electric railways, a Porto Rican regiment, and numerous other favors? Within a week or two our courts have even held them to be "nationals" of the United States, and yet, on Saturday, by a vote of 60 to 15, the Federal Assembly demanded self-government as a separate country, or the right to enter the Union. This is Americanization with vigor and with entirely too much Yankee "hustle." Is it possible that the Porto Ricans have not been reading the *Tribune's* editorials? If they had but garnered that wisdom, they would have known how hopeless it is for them to demand either Statehood or independence. The former might debase our nation; for the latter they are, of course, totally unfit. Under the circumstances, they must be content to remain colonial subjects for ever and a day. Had they but a spark of gratitude they would thank God for this privilege and put away their idle dreams of liberty, of the right to control their destinies, or even to say for themselves when and how they shall be taxed.

Pending official accounts of what our men-of-war have been doing in San Domingo, we must refrain from comment on that part of the case; but in what a strange flutter the Administration appears to be about the whole subject! Why all the reported timidity? While the dispatches continue to assert that President Roosevelt is determined to teach the Dominicans "a lesson," he is reported much vexed that any one should think he wants to take their territory. "Annexation is not thought of by the Administration," is the announcement by authority. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt recalls Gen. Grant's misfortunes in connection with the attempt to annex San Domingo in the seventies. But it is the very innocence of statecraft to suppose that we can enter a sovereign nation, give all hands a good trouncing, and then come away as if nothing had happened. The boy who goes skating on thin ice may protest that he never contemplated a ducking, but he gets wet just the same. We may disclaim intending annexation or worse evils, but if we go blindly ahead to do the things from which they inevitably result, our excuse is no better than the boy's.

It is probably good strategy to start the three Mantchurian consuls towards

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their posts, if only as a reminder that we are sincerely anxious to be represented at the new treaty ports. To have these gentlemen on the spot and ready to hoist their flags whenever conditions permit it, may be advantageous. But certainly it would be foolish to press Russia for *exequaturs* at ports in which no business is likely to be done, and which may actually be the seat of military operations. It is understood that Russia will make no objection to receiving the consuls at Antung and Mukden. That would sufficiently establish both Secretary Hay's principle of the open door and the machinery for effecting that policy. To insist on the installation of Consul Morgan at Dalny would be inexpedient. Dalny becomes, through stress of circumstances, nothing more than a great military post. To thrust a civil officer upon such a community at such a time might be to give needless embarrassment to a friendly Power.

Our consul at Niu-Chwang informs the State Department that a study of conditions in Vladivostok, Harbin, and other districts is not particularly encouraging to the idea of extension of American trade in Mantchuria in any line where Russia is prepared to compete. The earnest intention of the Russo-Chinese Bank to press the sale of Russian goods, the determination of the Russian railways to find a market for the products of Russia, and the interest displayed in developing resources along their lines for Russians and Chinese only, taken in connection with the natural wealth of the country, do not favor the hope that under a Russian régime our trade in Mantchuria will be as large as it was before. Similarly a Port Arthur correspondent of the *North China Herald* writes that it is surprising to what extent the Americans have got hold of the trade in Eastern Siberia and Mantchuria. "What will lessen the surprise will be the disappearance of the Americans, one by one. The American Trading Company has closed its branches here and in Vladivostok, and I suppose by and by only one American firm will be left—indeed, I am not sure but that only one is left now." Thus, says the *North China Herald*, will be closed that chapter of Siberian history which tells of American enterprise exerted in the opening up of the country. It is, indeed, beyond doubt that Russia is putting every obstacle in the way of our trade in Mantchuria and eastern Siberia, but there is no likelihood that she can permanently oust us from those markets. Her methods of excluding our products are costing her an enormous amount in cash, and eventually the burden must become too heavy for her to bear.

From vague and conflicting dispatches from the Far East may be safely gathered only that neither Russia nor Japan has crossed the Yalu in force, and that the "withdrawal" of Viceroy Alexieff to Harbin does not at all imply the abandonment of Port Arthur. On this point there has been abundant misconception. Harbin, at the junction of the railway with Vladivostok, 300 miles southeast, and Port Arthur, 400 miles southwest, is the natural military headquarters. From this base the reinforcements may be rapidly massed in either direction, and a Japanese advance to either the north or south promptly met. On the other hand, the very unlikely event of the taking of Harbin would completely cripple the Russian communications. It is natural, then, that the viceroy commanding should select this city for his headquarters in spite of its remoteness from the probable points of contact between the armies. There is not the slightest evidence that as much as a battalion has been withdrawn from Port Arthur or Niu-Chwang. It may be assumed, on the contrary, that the Japanese will meet the stoutest opposition at this vital point. They may even be exposed, as unconfirmed rumors suggest, to an attack from this direction.

A remarkable instance of political prophecy is reported by Dr. E. J. Dillon in the *Contemporary Review*. A Russian named Levitoff published recently at Port Arthur a pamphlet urging that the Russians do everything possible to gain time, and that they withdraw the fleet as an encumbrance, and depend upon their numerical superiority on land. With great clearness he pointed out the perils of meeting Japan on the sea. "The yellow Bosphorus" (the Straits of Korea) "is a trap into which the Japs at England's instigation, are trying to entice us. So long as we steer clear of a sea fight," he continues, "the command of the sea and the Anglo-Japanese alliance are not worth a sucked egg. If we resolve to keep out of an engagement on the water, and if we are further prepared to do without our fleet, not only by refusing to increase it, but by getting rid of it wholly and without reserve, then the Japanese doctrine, Asia for Asiatics, becomes meaningless, and we have a free field in which to continue our work of culture in that part of the globe." It is needless to say that this prediction has received striking confirmation in the past few days. It has been shown that the Russian fleet is merely a source of weakness, and it probably would have been better strategy to lay the ships up and mount their guns in the shore batteries, or, better yet, to send the fleet back to European waters. The Russian discomfiture is a striking demonstration of the sheer relativity of sea power. Germany, for example, might do better to study recent events in the Far East rather than to trust unreservedly in Capt. Mahan's teaching. Certainly Levitoff was right when he maintained that a second track on the Trans-Siberian would be more valuable now than all the ships that Russia has built or hopes to build.

The General Staff has rendered a signal service to the army by vetoing the proposal to promote "by selection" officers below the rank of general. An officer is promoted in due order because of seniority only. That is, he cannot become a captain until every first lieutenant above him has been advanced. In his first message, President Roosevelt came out for the promotion of a certain percentage of officers out of order if they merited it because of special aptitude and fitness. The present system he characterized as one which put every indolent officer upon the same footing with the men who graduated first in their classes at the post-graduate schools, and who have ceaselessly acquired professional knowledge. The President thought that some system could be worked out by which bright men could be promoted rapidly by a board of officers sworn to pay no attention to anything except military merit. He overlooked the fact that no such procedure can be safeguarded from political influences or from social wire-pulling. He also ignored the bitter resentment which would be aroused in the breast of every overslaughed officer, and the deadening effect every such irregular advancement would have upon those left behind. After the General Staff had considered this question, it evidently came to the conclusion that these arguments were unanswerable, and that the Presidential logic was at fault, for it unanimously refused to consider any scheme for advancement by selection.

Gov. Montague of Virginia is entitled to the thanks of law-abiding citizens the country over. Owing to his precautions, last week's trial in Roanoke of the negro who assaulted a white woman passed off in accordance with law and without the slightest disturbance. Escorted by troops, the negro was taken to the court-house. A jury was then empanelled, and the criminal tried and sentenced within a few hours. Afterwards the negro was taken to Lynchburg, whence he will be brought back to be hung on March 18—just six weeks after committing the crime. All this does more than reflect very great credit upon Gov. Montague and his State. It will take out of the mouths of those benighted persons who defend lynchings, or "palliate them," some of their choicest phrases. There is, for example, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Arkansas, the Rt. Rev. William M. Brown. How can he say hereafter, "I extenuate the offence of lynching, for it is the only remedy

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for attacks on women"? How can he now reaffirm his opinion that "the South is obliged to lynch because women could not appear in court," or that "lynchers are justified in the sight of God, because lynching is a form of self-protection"?

The bill to abolish Berea College which has been before the Kentucky House of Representatives, has now been repassed in an amended but still very objectionable form. By a vote of 75 to 5, it was decreed that after July 15 there shall be no coeducation of the races in Kentucky. A white and a negro school may, however, be managed by the same institution provided that they are twenty-five miles apart. This is race prejudice rendered ridiculous by its own friends. We shall look to Kentucky hereafter to explain to the wondering just why twenty-five miles constitutes the dead line in the intercourse of the races. Are we to believe, for instance, that a negro and a white school within five miles of each other are a menace to the superior race? And if so, is the danger one-half as great if the schools are ten miles apart? And does all possibility of moral or physical contagion cease precisely at the twenty-fifth milestone or at twenty-four and one-half miles? Doubtless Kentucky's legislative psychologists would give us an exact explanation of all this—there is no form of racial prejudice for which the South would not produce ample justification as well as a moral law. But to a benighted Northerner aware only that Berea's great work for whites and blacks has never been tarnished by any scandal or intermarriage, it would seem as if, to be logical, the Kentucky Solons should now pass a law forbidding any colored family to read books within twenty-five miles of any white family. If the superior race is to be protected, let the protection be thorough.

There is growing indignation at the action of the Pullman Car Company in refusing seats and berths on their cars to colored people. We are informed that the withdrawal of accommodations, which originally began in Tennessee, is now spreading through the South, and that soon the only way in which a respectable colored man or woman can travel North will be by sitting up in a Jim Crow car, or by engaging an entire sleeper. The latter method was resorted to by Bishop Arnett and other colored dignitaries of the Methodist Church in going to the council of bishops held in Mobile. In other words, these Christian gentlemen were compelled to go deep into their pockets to ride in ordinary comfort on what is considered a sacred mission. Such action as has been taken by the company has been apparently kept very quiet. It has published no new rules and issued no orders which have found their way into print. But all sorts of stratagems are resorted to: "The cars are full." "The seats have been engaged ahead from stations further on." These are some of the commonest subterfuges, along with blank ignoring of the dusky face at the ticket-office window, and they are resorted to without regard to the status of the applicant, whether he be well-dressed or dirty, orderly or disorderly, young or old, sick or well. Before long, the courts will be called upon to decide whether there is no legal remedy under the Interstate Commerce law for this outrage upon a race.

Mayor McClellan's veto of the ordinance giving certain street-crossing privileges in the Bronx to the New York, Westchester and Boston Railway Company cannot be too strongly commended. It was the action of an official who has the interests of the city at heart, and is unwilling that valuable rights belonging to the people shall be voted away without compensation. Upon this solid ground his veto is unassailable. His readiness to go counter to the scheme of the strongest element in his party is a most gratifying sign of independence. The Westchester franchise was a Sullivan measure, and was enthusiastically supported by him and his henchmen without regard to the legal difficulties before the company. So confident were some of the promoters of the company of the Mayor's approval that they spoke of beginning actual work within six weeks. But they reckoned without their host. Well aware of the Tammany influences behind the ordinance, the Mayor gave both sides a hearing, and then decided against the measure purely upon its own demerits, and without regard to any effect it might have upon his own party relations. More than that, in his memorandum of disapproval he laid down certain principles governing the bestowal of street privileges upon transportation companies which could hardly be bettered.

The Mayor's relations to Tammany Hall have reached a very interesting stage. The rank and file of the organization are already disturbed at the absence of any sign of "letting up" on the lawless elements. Mr. Jerome's statement at Albany last week that he had the full coöperation of Commissioner McAdoo in his efforts to suppress gambling, is not calculated to encourage Tammanyites who looked for a "wide-open" town. A certain amount of "keeping-on of the lid" they will consent to, but Fourteenth Street can hardly look favorably upon a Mayor who vetoes one of its pet measures and then writes a memorandum which reads precisely as if he were a silk-stockinged reformer. What is to happen to our poor, poverty-stricken Aldermen if they cannot guarantee a delivery of the "goods"? What excuse has a Mayor to prattle about the "rights of the city and its citizens" unless he really wishes to become "a disturber of traffic," and to unsettle legitimate business? These are questions the Mayor had better ponder very carefully lest he find himself rising hopelessly in the good opinion of non-partisan reformers, independents, and other voters without a party.

The Turkish note of protest has called out from the Bulgarian agent at Paris a response in which loyalty to the reform plan, sympathy for Russia, and a firm intention to keep the peace are emphasized. We believe that these professions may be taken at their face value, and that the military preparations of Bulgaria are merely of a precautionary nature. Last year the partisan fighting actually passed her frontiers, and though wholly unprepared she was nearly driven into war with Turkey. To-day she is ready, but does not mean to precipitate a conflict to the embarrassment of Russia. This is Bulgaria's reason for wishing to see the Mürzsteg reforms seriously tried in the four vilayets. But this is only a pious wish. Turkey has served notice that the reforms shall go into effect only in crippled form. Gen. Georgis is to be subordinate to the Turkish commander-in-chief; the civil emissaries of the Powers—who were to exercise a kind of extra-territorial jurisdiction—are to be kept out of the disturbed regions, where they are most needed. Considered in the light of the facts, a Bulgarian appeal to the reforms is only a polite and diplomatic fashion of pointing the fact of Turkey's defection.

If "Dr. Jim" does not accept the call to frame a Cabinet for Cape Colony, it will be the first time that this gentleman adventurer has evaded a hard job. Indeed, the whole career of Cecil Rhodes's lieutenant is calculated to disconcert those whose imaginations are narrower than the "illimitable veldt." Apparently, he is as ready for the gigantic task of reconciling the Boers to their conquerors, and of repairing the crippled industries of South Africa, as he formerly was to lead a handful of dare-devils to Johannesburg. Such a complete reversal of rôles evinces an admirable gayety and an indefatigable zest. Whether these qualities are duly appreciated by the impoverished burghers of the two republics may be doubted. It is possible that they may resent one who so clearly envisages their case in a cheerful spirit, and it is safe to say that if "Dr. Jim" ever becomes the great peacemaker, the Cape must be counted the most notable province in the great realm of topsyturvydom.

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MR. ROOT ON PANAMA.

Mr. Root at Chicago and Senator Hoar in the Senate both devoted Washington's Birthday to Panama apologetics. Mr. Root addressed himself to those "good and sincere men and women who have thought our course to be wrong," and to other respectable persons who "are troubled in spirit." Senator Hoar explained that he had called upon the President for an explanation, fully knowing that there was nothing to explain, but driven thereto by "personal and political friends, men of high standing, and not Mugwumps or men without standing." If Mr. Root and Senator Hoar had indeed spoken words to quiet the scruples of these conscientious Americans, they would have done a service worthy of the day. But Mr. Root pleaded, with all the perversions and suppressions of a skilled advocate; and Senator Hoar—declaring that his challenge of the Administration was merely tactical—threw his moral somersault with some loss of Senatorial dignity. Neither spectacle was calculated to propitiate the manes of Washington.

Senator Hoar's bland recantation of his own independence was merely characteristic of that idealist-partisan; Mr. Root's apology for the Panama business deserves serious consideration. Stripped of verbiage and illustration, his arguments come down to these:

(1) Colombia had never possessed full sovereign rights over the Isthmus, but held it subject in general to the convenience of the world, and in particular, under the treaty of 1846, to the will of the United States.

(2) The province of Panama "owned" the Isthmus, and, by the revolution of November, 1903, merely resumed possession of a valuable asset which it had never morally alienated.

Upon these two main arguments Mr. Root elaborately proves not only that we did no wrong, but that we could have done no wrong, in the Isthmus. Had Colombia misused her "trusteeship" for humanity (*i. e.*, her tenure of the Isthmus), we should have been right in ousting the malfeasant trustee; and of course, if the title of Colombia were bad—as Mr. Root asserted it was—why, then, our case was as good against the *de jure* owner. This is, with very trifling differences, Professor Grosvenor's "international eminent domain." We were acting for the world, and were justified in forcing Colombia to respect "the world's easement" in Panama.

That Colombia was and is in a tutelary position as regards us, is the very kernel of Mr. Root's contention. We always had a right of intervention. Such intervention was not war, was not, indeed, subject to the rules obtaining between equal Powers. Intervention in Turkey, the presence of a guard of marines at Seul, the Pekin relief expedition of 1900—these are not acts of war; but they are the signs of a sovereignty strictly limited by the interests of better and stronger nations. So of Colombia, we should have been warranted in taking any step that our paramount interest dictated. Such was evidently the view of the President in the suppressed message, later transmitted in part to Congress. He contemplated direct and forcible intervention. Now, whatever may be urged for the argument à priori, Mr. Root as a lawyer should be ashamed of his alleged precedents. Intervention, whether in morals or international law, presupposes an offence. Turkey is disciplined for concrete acts of violence in her territories; Pekin is besieged because the Legationers are in peril of life; our Ministry at Seul is guarded because there is danger of anti-foreign rioting, and no local authority to deal with it; other nations have been chastised for insults to foreign Powers, for non-payment of debt—always for some infraction of international good morals.

Now let us be fair and ask what is the sum of Colombia's offending? Simply that she tried to drive a hard bargain with us, merely that she was suspected of sharp practice towards the French Panama Company; or, more exactly, her offence is that, having made the first part of a bargain with us, she haggled vexatiously about the other half. This is absolutely all that can be charged to Colombia's discredit in this matter. Now the real parallel: The Boers tried to drive a hard bargain for the gold fields, over which England exercised a vague "trusteeship" analogous to ours in Panama. Mr. Chamberlain got tired of bargaining with them, and by force of arms vindicated England's "easement" in the two republics. In this affair Joseph Chamberlain is Theodore Roosevelt's guarantor. In both cases the opposition of a weak power to a commercial improvement was overridden in the name of civilization. That Mr. Roosevelt's luck was better than Mr. Chamberlain's nowise affects the moral issue. Mr. Roosevelt flew at smaller game. Let us stand squarely on the fact that Colombia's whole offence was that, being weak and poor, she undertook to drive a sharp bargain with our strong and rich state.

But, Mr. Root asserts, the only right in the premises was that of building a canal, and that right was ours. "It was not just," he says, "that we should pay anything." And again he holds: "We had yielded to the last point, beyond reason and justice, in agreeing to pay for a privilege to which we were already entitled, and we could not with self-respect consent to be mulcted further." The inference is inevitable that no weak Power holding a very valuable possession and one generally useful to humanity, is entitled to be paid for it. Consequently, any pay received is not legally a consideration," but merely a *pourboire;* and naturally the size of a tip is determined not by the waiter, but by the patron. Into this ethical bog we decline to follow Mr. Root. We do not grudge him his faith in a sumptuary law of nations, under which only the *noblesse* may wear gold-fields and interoceanic canals; we merely wish to make his doctrine plain to the moral judgment of our readers.

Nor do we desire to emphasize the suppressions in his argument. There is, for example, not a word on the naval order, issued before the revolution, preventing Colombia from so much as attempting to regain her sovereignty over Panama. Of course, the sovereignty of Colombia is by definition a pinched and limited thing, yet when the "fifty-mile order" was given out, she was the only authority on the Isthmus, and entitled at least to a limited respect. Mr. Root's apparent ignorance that the threat of the Colombian commander in Colon—upon which our marines were landed—was a canard, and has been officially denied, is probably only evidence of haste in preparing his brief. The matter is of little moment, and we let it pass. But we cannot pass in silence Mr. Root's assertion that the moral ownership of the Isthmus resided not in Colombia, but in the Province of Panama. This we do not deny, but our Government had officially taken the other view—even to aiding Colombia against the Panamans. Mr. Root evidently holds that we could, according to circumstances, stand by the lower law—*i. e.*, Colombia's actual proprietorship, or by the higher law—*i. e.*, Panama's moral proprietorship. When it is admitted that either country held the Isthmus subject strictly to our interpretation of the universal interests of mankind, that Colombia was not entitled to a cent of *solatium* for giving up the canal strip, but that Panama is to receive $10,000,000 for the aforesaid concession—the tangle of Mr. Root's ethico-political speculations becomes impossibly complex.

We prefer to fall back upon the undisputed elements of the case: that we wanted the canal and that Colombia was ungraciously driving a sharp bargain with us. Well, it was a matter of time and manners. Rightly or wrongly, we had given offence in Bogotá, rightly the lapsing of the Hay-Herran treaty had vexed us here. In such cases a little straightforward negotiation will usually set things right. The matter of time was important, but not all-important. A few months or a year in a work requiring a dozen years is not vital. As a matter of fact, four months have passed since the recognition of the Panama Republic. If time were everything, we should have gained time by accepting Gen. Reyes's offer, of November 6, to proclaim the treaty. But, as Senator Hoar remarked when a party vote was

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still distant, honor is more than canals. And the matter of honor Mr. Root has not so much as grazed, for his whole pleading comes to saying that while for sixty years we had negotiated with Colombia under the forms of international comity, we had done so with mental reservations. When the convenient season came, we threw over the long pretence of law and fell back upon our private interpretation of public precedents. Harsh words are used of a man who uses this dual standard in his private affairs. And now the "good and sincere men and women" for whose reassurance Mr. Root has unlocked his arsenal of sophisms are troubled, not about the injury done to Colombia, but for the injury done ourselves in dealing crookedly with a nation some way our dependent. Not even a Senate vote can quiet so valid a protest of conscience.

THE EDUCATED NEGRO AND THE SOUTH.

In his admirable address at the recent meeting in the interest of Hampton Institute, its president, Dr. H. B. Frissell, dwelt upon a curious phase of the negro problem in the South. Speaking of the attitude of the general mass of white men towards the educated negro, he pointed out their remarkable ignorance of what the graduates of colored schools are doing to elevate themselves and their race. Even those friendly to their education do not read the negro newspapers or magazines, or listen to negro leaders such as Mr. Washington, or study the extraordinary statistics of the negro's rise in wealth since the close of the civil war. Only such broad-minded Southerners as the members of the Southern and General Education Boards are really familiar with the educated negro's progress. And this condition of affairs is all the more remarkable since the stock reply to every Northern remonstrant is: "Come down and live with us for a while, learn to know the problem as we know it, and in a week or two you will feel just as we do about it."

For this ignorance of the upward march of the educated negro it will not do to hold mere prejudice or race-hatred responsible. But since the caste system practically prevents the intercourse of the two race-elements, save in the relationship of employer and employee, of mistress and servant, the white man must necessarily remain largely in ignorance of what the more prosperous and industrious negro is doing for himself and his fellows. When the word Negro is mentioned, the picture inspired in the white Southerner's mind is all too often that of the colored desperado, of the ragged corner-loafer, of the animal-like plantation hand of the Black Belt, or of the shiftless, insolent, and dirty house servant. Sometimes, too, the word suggests the negro whose smattering of learning has been as dangerous to him as it proverbially is to men of all times and races. Only to the exceptional white man does it signify the honest, respectable negro farmer or tradesman or shopkeeper, for of these the white population sees but little and hears still less.

Proof of the correctness of Dr. Frissell's contention is not far to seek. Take the Calhoun School, in Alabama, for instance. Founded by Northerners, its primary object was to aid both whites and negroes by changing the ignorant, shiftless, immoral negro into an intelligent, industrious, and moral citizen, with a respectable home instead of a one-room shanty, the breeding-place of vice and disease. All the progress made by Calhoun is in the interest of the white population, since it increased the safety of the roads, made more efficient workers, and added materially to the wealth of the community. Yet the school had been at work for years before a white neighbor crossed the threshold of the "nigger teachers." Having at last broken the ice and seen for themselves the character of the work and the self-sacrifices of those engaged in it, they are now coming to recognize its worth, and have even begun, in a small way, to help along the enterprise.

To take a more striking example: one of the most prominent bankers in Richmond solemnly assured Northern visitors last spring that the negro was fitted only for house service or for work on the farm. The only kind of negro education he approved of was that which would produce servants or laborers. His spirit was in no way unfriendly to the negroes as such, and he spoke feelingly of the many admirable qualities of his domestics; but he was in total ignorance of what the educated negro is doing right in Richmond. He had never heard that the only woman bank president in Virginia, if not in the South, is a Richmond colored woman, or that the only woman apothecary licensed by the Virginia State Board of Pharmacy resides only a few blocks from him, and that she has a dark skin. He did not know that the colored physicians in the Richmond hospital were educated in New York, Paris, and London, or even that there was a colored hospital. He had heard of the largest of the three negro banks, but did not know that in a time of financial stringency it was the only one in Richmond to loan cash to the city authorities for their immediate needs. The banker was, of course, unaware that this bank is part of a negro fraternal society founded by an ex-slave, which, after an existence of only twenty-three years, has 65,000 benefiting members, holding policies valued at $7,715,702. This society has paid $825,217.25 in settlement of 6,048 death claims, has aided sick members to the extent of $1,125,000, and now owns real estate valued at $300,000. The monthly payroll of its employees is more than $4,000. Its bank has 10,000 accounts, and deposits of $200,000 with a capital of $100,000. Finally, the banker is still unaware that the best steam laundry in Richmond is owned by colored men, and represents a capital of $20,000.

It is not necessary to cite further proof of Dr. Frissell's statement. The evidence is all with this veteran educator, who has lived in the South for many years and is so nobly carrying on Gen. Armstrong's work. A serious question confronting the Northerners and Southerners engaged in the solution of the race problem is, therefore, how to get the facts of the negro's progress before the whites, and how to acquaint them with the high aims, the aspirations, and the actual achievements of the negro missionaries everywhere working to uplift their people. Only a mutual understanding and respect can help both races to live in the comity and friendliness which all who desire the country's peace must strive for.

JAPANESE AND RUSSIAN FINANCES.

To outward appearance, neither Russia nor Japan is financially in a position to wage a great war. But if wars never were fought except by contestants with plenty of ready cash, the list would be short. Take the case of Japan, one of whose leading statesmen remarked not long ago that "the financial condition of Japan is a very difficult one." No clearer view of what this situation actually is has been presented than is contained in Mr. W. Petrie Watson's article in the February *Fortnightly Review* on "The Financial and Economic Situation in Japan." The aim of this article is to trace the results so far achieved by the policy inaugurated in 1896, and known as "The Ten Years', or Post-Bellum, Programme." The person chiefly responsible for this policy was Count Matsukata, the Finance Minister. In a report compiled down to 1900-01, he stated his principle. Assuming office in March, 1895, he determined immediately that the first thing to do was to fix upon a financial scheme to be pursued in harmony with the changed status of the country, and with the particular state of affairs at home and abroad. Such a scheme was drawn up, the main points being to increase the national revenues so far as necessary, and to practise economy in expenditure as much as possible. Thus it was decided to depend on increased taxation for the ordinary class of expenditures, and, for the extraordinary, to look to the Chinese indemnity and public loans. At the same time, measures were taken with the object of developing the resources of the country, so that the growth of its

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wealth might keep pace with its increased expenditures. During the period from 1890-91 to 1895-96, the annual expenditures, ordinary and extraordinary, were stationary at about £8,000,000; but in the following six years they rose to £28,000,000.

Now the most generous estimate of the full cost of the Programme did not exceed £60,000,000, and yet in 1902-03 the charge had practically reached that figure, and there is every reason to believe that the real total will be between £70,000,000 and £80,000,000. Already the Programme has absorbed £20,000,000 of the Chinese indemnity, and over £40,000,000 of other funds. Part of the £40,000,000 has been raised in Japan, and part has been borrowed abroad, and, of course, bears interest. Furthermore, the country's ordinary expenditures have doubled, with a corresponding increase in taxation. The most interesting feature of the whole situation has been the breakdown of the Government's loan policy. It was hoped that Japan herself would provide everything required for the productive undertakings, the projected total of these loans being £26,000,000. It turned out, however, that the European money market had to be appealed to. A loan of £10,000,000 was issued in 1899 in London. The prosecution of the works outlined in 1896 thus went on uninterruptedly. Meantime, conditions in the home money market afforded no hope of improvement. When the 1901-02 budget was in preparation, it was seen that further loan supplies were imperative. The budget was drafted with appropriations fixed for the industrial undertakings of the Programme, but it was found necessary before the opening of the financial year to bring in an amended budget, from which these appropriations were omitted.

The long and short of the matter is that the Programme collapsed just about midway in its career. The Government miscalculated the financial capacity of the country. The Japanese people had gone through a fever of industrial activity. This so exhausted their financial strength that they were unable to respond to the Government's call for aid. But, even worse, it has seemed that the weakness of the country's commercial system might seriously endanger the financial stability of the Government itself. The financial situation in Japan to-day is one that calls for the most careful handling. But what should chiefly interest the outside world at the moment is the fact that Japan's enormous expenditures on armament since 1896 have vastly increased her war efficiency. Mr. W. Petrie Watson, whose article was, of course, written some time before the outbreak of hostilities, says that "should the course of events involve Japan in war, the signs of a bankruptcy of resources, which it may be possible to detect to-day, will disappear in the streams of offerings that this people, in the enthusiasm of sacrifice, is always ready to pour upon the altar of patriotism." The accuracy of this prevision has been amply attested during the last few weeks.

The financial condition of Russia is essentially the same as that of Japan, no matter how great the superficial differences. The London *Economist* recently remarked that "the outstanding feature of Russian finance is, that for years past the country has been spending far beyond its income." This, of course, has meant constant borrowing, although every method has been employed to conceal the fact in the budgets. For instance, the estimates for 1904 indicate a deficit of £19,579,300. This has an ugly look, but it is explained that the deficit arises from the inclusion of £21,217,900 of expenditure which is classed as extraordinary, and which consists mainly of what may be designated as capital outlay upon the Siberian and other railways. It is pointed out, in fact, that if we exclude this and confine attention to the revenue and expenditure classed as ordinary, instead of a deficit there is a surplus of £1,363,600.

This, says the *Economist*, we are asked to regard as evidence that the Russian Government has a revenue in excess of its normal requirements, and that the finances of the country are consequently in a healthy condition. In the financial reports of the Russian Government there is a certain mysterious "Free Balance of the Treasury," out of which the annual deficits are covered. This fund is like the widow's cruse: the more it is drawn upon, the larger it seems to grow. Thus, M. Witte, in his budget statement, calculated that on January 1, 1903, this Treasury balance would amount to £11,466,000, whereas a year later it was set down at £25,740,000. This can probably be explained in large part by £12,700,000 realized by an issue of bonds. Evidently, if this "free treasury balance" cannot now be replenished by fresh borrowing, the Government must come to the end of its available resources. But this, of course, would not mean that Russia could not keep her forces in the field, for in the last resort there would be the printing-press. The effect on the general prosperity of the country of inconvertible paper issues could not be other than destructive; but it is the rule with nations, when the war fever is on them, to sin in haste and repent at leisure.

THE BALKAN SITUATION.

A circular note from the Sublime Porte, complaining of the warlike attitude of Bulgaria, does not necessarily mean war, but it does mean that the Sultan intends to exercise a free hand in Macedonia and Albania, that the Austro-Russian reforms are now mere idle words, and that the whole situation in the Balkans is as uncertain as it was when Russian and Austria intervened last spring. And in an important sense matters are worse: Russia is so fully occupied in the Far East that it is unlikely she will seriously renew the work of pacification in Turkey. Thus the duty of policing the Turkish frontier falls exclusively to Austria. It is a heavy and an invidious responsibility: and if there is any political courage and foresight in the European foreign offices, the Powers should take concerted action to strengthen Austria's hand, and force upon the Sultan the reforms stipulated by treaty. Here the European Concert could do all that Russia did, and more.

The time open to such precautionary action may not be long. It is not for nothing that the Porte has changed the apologetic tone of two years past for that of defiance. And from the Sultan's point of view, the need of defensive action is pressing. Zontscheff and Sarafoff have confidently promised to reassemble the Macedonian bands in the spring, Bulgaria is voting extraordinary war credits and reorganizing her army; meanwhile a mere beginning of the reform of the gendarmerie has stirred up a serious revolt among the lawless Albanians. Either way, the Sultan is in difficulties. If, obeying the stern command of Count Golutchovski, Turkey honestly adopts the reforms, the Albanians will rise; but the Macedonians probably will rise whether the reforms are introduced or not; and the Macedonians are openly supplied with arms and men across the Bulgarian passes. It is no wonder, then, that the Sultan takes the first opportunity to resent foreign interference, and to become the guarantor of his own sovereignty.

Indeed, if Turkey were capable of giving reasonably humane government to her northern provinces, the Sultan's declaration could only be applauded. But when it is considered that the note is virtually a warning that massacre and worse outrage are to be let loose in Macedonia, and, if possible, carried into peaceful Bulgaria, it is evident that humanity and the general interest alike dictate prompt settlement of the affair. A war between Turkey and Bulgaria would be disastrous. Bulgaria has, unfortunately, alienated all the other Balkan States, and now could hardly call upon her natural protector, Russia. She would probably have to fight alone. The war would be of the bloodiest kind; Macedonian irregulars would soon vie with the Turks in atrocity, and the result would probably be *nil* so far as settling the Balkan question is concerned. To be sure, the Macedonian leaders profess confidence as to the outcome of a Turko-Bulgarian war; but it is hard to forecast for Bulgaria any better fate than six years ago befell Greece, though undoubt-

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edly King Ferdinand's army would put up a better fight than King George's did. But, in general, an isolated war in the Balkans would mean only waste of blood and money.

Nobody, of course, is eager to do for the persecuted Christians of Turkey what Russia did for the Bulgarians in 1877. Humanity at that price is too costly. But it is probable that concerted action of the Powers, accompanied by a naval demonstration, would not meet with serious opposition from the Sultan. Rather than fight, he would probably consent to have most of Macedonia put under a European Governor-General. Thus a new buffer State, a mainland Crete, would be established. And such action would do more to harmonize the rival races—Greeks, Bulgars, and Vlachs particularly—than would annexation to Bulgaria. It would also quiet immediate political jealousies. As for the difficult Albanian question, that is a detail. Austria brought Bosnia and Herzegovina from anarchy to stable order. She has already, by treaty, the right of policing the province of Novi-Bazar. It would only be necessary to stretch that prerogative a little to cover all the disorderly part of Albania.

But such a solution of the Balkan problem as that suggested above is only too likely to fail because of lack of courage in the Powers. It could, in fact, be carried out only through the frank initiative of some relatively disinterested country, like France or England, and certainly the new *entente cordiale* between these nations could be put to no more honorable use. With the adherence of Italy and Austria and the contingent support of Bulgaria, they would probably be strong enough to impose a genuine reform plan upon the Sultan. And France, incidentally, could do her ally, Russia, no more valuable service than to remove the causes of conflagration in the Near East. In a sense, the hope of any such diplomatic solution of the difficulty depends upon the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé. But we fear that, in these anti-clerical times in France, it will not be possible even for him to advocate the *pax Christiana* for Turkey. The probabilities lie the other way—towards war between Bulgaria and Turkey—on Bulgaria's side, because of sympathy for her persecuted kinsmen in Macedonia, and for the hope of a greater Bulgaria; on Turkey's side, on account of that instinct which teaches even "dying races" to die with their face to the foe. That war is imminent, it would be foolish to assume—it may be long delayed; to-morrow the casual spark may fall in the powder barrel—but come it must, unless the Powers put an end both to the disorders of the Albanians and to the intolerable afflictions of the Christians of Macedonia.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

By the death of Sir Leslie Stephen many will feel that we have lost the first English-speaking critic. The word, in his case, meant more than a literary authority. His outlook upon life was wide. The whole movement of thought and conduct in which his lot was cast he surveyed with interested but calm gaze, and made his shrewd and wise comments upon scientific method and religion and education and morals, as well as upon books and writers. Thus his great range gave him the air of one who saw life steadily and saw it whole. Lowell complained that he was a child of an age that lectures, not creates. But it is almost a creation to produce a great critic; and we could well spare much of what is called "creative work" for more of the training in sane and balanced judgment which Leslie Stephen gave his readers.

His own career, with that of his brother, Fitzjames, is a striking example of the intellectual ferment of the age in which he lived. The emancipation from the smug and narrow Evangelicalism of his Clapham family illustrates, in little, the process by which mental enlargement came to thousands of his generation. But it was the peculiar charm of Stephen that he had none of the arrogance and assuredly none of the bitterness which too often mark the man who has broken away from old creeds. He himself has told us, in his own quietly humorous way, how he made the transition without violence or pain. He simply found that he could not, with his views, take holy orders, and thereupon turned, without spiritual wrench or agony, to the work that he could honestly do. There were heard from him none of the passionate outcries that came from Prof. W. K. Clifford, for example; he had nothing of the occasionally vitriolic touch of Greg, the reproachful note of Mill or Spencer, or the rude defiance of his own brother, Fitzjames. Sir Leslie was endlessly inquisitive; he brought his acute analysis to bear upon every problem that greatly moved men's thoughts; but he preferred to convey his teachings in forms of amenity, disclaiming wisdom at the very moment he most effectively disclosed the want of it in others, and acting always upon the principle laid down by Macaulay that, when an objection is raised, it "ought to be met with something more convincing than 'blockhead' and 'scoundrel.'"

The body of strictly literary criticism which Leslie Stephen leaves behind him is alone enough to confer distinction. His studies in the eighteenth century are unrivalled for thoroughness of information and sympathy of interpretation. He was none of your off-hand critics, pronouncing brawling judgments all day long on the strength of cheap and second-hand learning. He always longed to drench himself in material. No point too minute, no side-light too faint, to escape his inquiry. Hence it was by a kind of predestined harmony that he was called upon to become the editor of the monumental 'Dictionary of National Biography.' Some of his best work lies there. His articles give us not simply perfect mastery of all that is known about his subjects, with full bibliographies, but judgment in absolute equipoise of impartiality, with many a sly touch of enjoyable humor and a great wealth of literary allusiveness. The latest critical writing he published—his volume on George Eliot—was a masterpiece. The riches were packed into a little room; but, within its limits, no better criticism was ever done. Marian Evans, woman and writer, lives again under his pen; and his admirations gain the greater weight from the very deftness with which he lays bare the things of hers which he considers strained or inflated—'Romola,' for example.

It was no chance coincidence that made Sir Leslie Stephen President of the Ethical Society. Amiable and engaging as his temperament appeared, it was grave in cast. Conduct meant, for him, three-fourths of life; and he would have agreed again with Matthew Arnold in the sentiment that it is the business of those who are doubtful about another life to "pitch this one high." His addresses on themes of the practical life—on "Luxury," for example, or on the especial duties of literary men—are as persuasive as they are original. In all his approaches to the deeper problems of life he displayed a high seriousness. Seldom does he rise to fervor or eloquence—though there are noble passages in his 'An Agnostic's Apology'; but his dignity and elevation of manner never failed of rising to his argument. In the essay on "Evolution and Religious Conceptions" which he contributed to the *Evening Post* in 1901, he put aside all the crudities and flippancies of unbelief, and contended for religion as an "essential part of human nature," as well as a mighty factor in social organization.

AUTHORS AND REAL ESTATE.

It is credibly estimated by experts in certain suburbs that the presence of an author raises adjoining house-lot values at least five cents a front foot. Naturally, what has been called the "sentimental excess" would be much greater in the case of the author's own property. And the same principle holds of places with literary associations. When commemorative societies try to buy an author's birthplace they always pay more than the market price. Certain Scottish estates, indeed, add a percentage to the rental because the house has figured in the Waverley Novels, and append a

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formal statement to that effect in the lease.

The classical instance of sentimental value is Thackeray's Young Street house, at Kensington. At the sale by auction the house was promptly run up to a 4 per cent. basis, when, admitting that the commercial value had been reached, the auctioneer challenged the audience to pay a "sentimental excess" of £500. About 10 per cent., £250, he actually received. Naturally, the excess was greater in the case of the Shakspere birthplace, which was bought in 1847 at £3,000; but there is only one Shakspere, and a birthplace (of which an author can have had but one) rightly brings the price of *unica*, whereas residences may be so many in the case of an author of migratory habit that they hardly count as *rarissima*. Yet even in Byron's case, whose residences defy enumeration, his association still costs the traveller dear at hotels which are vaguely associated with the dissipations of that wayward lord. Nor will any sentimental traveller forget the high price of the chop and the bottle at a London tavern which is said to have harbored Dr. Johnson, and actually exhibits his portrait and his chair.

Are we not dealing with a kind of value which may be legitimately considered in real-estate speculation, and surely must be taken into account by those pious folk who merely wish to do honor to the memory of great writers? These unthrifty enthusiasts pay the largest price because they buy at the wrong time. To defer purchase until the death of an author is to pay the entire sentimental increment; whereas, if the deed is drawn immediately upon the appearance of his first book, his home—even his birthplace—may be had at the ruling rates. We believe that in this matter commercialism and literary enthusiasm might appropriately join hands, and we cordially second the Manchester *Guardian's* proposal of an "Authors' Landed Property League." Such a syndicate would work in close harmony with the publishers. Its function would be the early acquisition of the residences of obscure authors of promise. Whenever a first book gave evidence of genius, the gentlemanly agent would visit the author and secure, if possible, options on his birthplace, upon his present residence, and all houses which he may subsequently inhabit. The request, being in the nature of a compliment, could scarcely be refused. Indeed, the conventional consideration of one dollar would hardly be to most young authors a negligible feature of the transaction. We know of several birthplaces, some of them most picturesquely situated and supplied with hot and cold water, upon which options could be secured at very favorable terms. Of course, many authors will neither achieve fame nor leave marketable associations, but in these cases the syndicate would at worst suffer only slight loss on the real estate, while the occasional exploitation of a popular and multi-residential author (and we could name several) would give to a conservative investment the occasional attractions of a brilliant speculative *coup*.

For so far we have considered only the passive side of the business, assuming that the syndicate works independently of the author, supposing that it merely exploits its real estate by promptly applying commemorative tablets and by proper advertising. For example:

CLAVERLY HEIGHTS, N. J.—A semi-detached suburban cottage, 5 rooms and bath, large butler's pantry, grounds pleasantly shaded. This desirable property was the RESIDENCE OF MALMESBURY BLODGETT between May 1, 1897, and April 30, 1898. His first book, 'She Would and She Could' (475,000), was written in the dainty Dutch oak library. The front door has been scratched by his dog, and the hall wainscoting has been much defaced by his second son ("little Winthrop" in 'The Sword of the Lord' 200,000 and still selling). All these marks of Mr. Blodgett's occupancy are noted on a tablet, and will on request be legally certified to any tenant. The undersigned also wish to announce that Mr. Blodgett's present residence at Willoughby Meadows, L. I., will shortly be put upon the market. It will be the scene of his charming novel 'Dora McBride' (advance sales 97,000). The second-story front room will be Dora's "blue boudoir." Appreciative tenants, and no others are desired, should address Mr. Blodgett's publishers, McFoolzum & Sellum, or

The Authors' Landed Property League.

Much might be done by these methods; much more by intelligent coöperation with the author. Beyond the power of any single writer to radiate associations, it is conceivable that writers and real estate in conjunction might be exploited upon a grand scale. Imagine a great tract of vacant land acquired by the acre, and a few authors settled upon it. Gradually, literary associations might be written into all the more desirable lots. The sales would be far removed from the vulgarity of the brass band and the free lunch. On bargain days reverent folk, book in hand, would walk about verifying such signs as these:

On this bench "Langham and Winifred sat enwrapped in the long silence of mutual confidence. How sweet it was to be there!" —('Winifred's Ordeal,' p. 186, Blinders Co.)

Or, again:

Under this tree "Francis stumbled on a root, and felt Mortimer's rapier glide chillingly between his arm and side. The moon shone on, indifferent to these warring human fates," etc.—('For King and Colors,' p. 7, Moorlands & Park.)

No confirmed reader of the modern novel could resist, we opine, the combined appeal of literary associations at home and literary men as neighbors. And it is not necessary to say that the investment company which counts among its clients any considerable portion of our novel readers, need cringe to none of the great consolidations of recent times. We see, indeed, no drawback to the plan except the increasing commonness of authorship, and we advise a syndicate such as we have suggested to begin operations before the digestive capacity of the literary market has been overstrained.

THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN RUSSIA.

PARIS, February 10, 1904.

M. K. Waliszewski makes us acquainted with the origins of modern Russia. No enterprise can be more commendable, now that Russia has become one of the most important factors in the political destinies of the world. I was reading not long ago in the *Fortnightly Review* a remarkable article by Edward Dicey, entitled "The Two Empires," in which the author dwelt on the increasing importance of the Russian. We see this empire now extending itself through the immense continent of Asia to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and we are on the eve of a struggle between her ambition and that of Japan, the armed representative of the yellow race. In his study of the origins of modern Russia, M. Waliszewski takes the back track. He has published in succession important volumes, chiefly on the history of Russia during the eighteenth century. His 'Roman d'une Impératrice: Catherine II. de Russie,' written from her Memoirs and correspondence, and from inedited documents of the State archives, has already attained its fourteenth edition; a second volume on Catherine, 'Autour d'un Trône' reviewing the colaborers, friends, and favorites of the famous Empress, has had an equal success. 'Pierre le Grand,' his education and work, published from new documents, appeared subsequently, as did 'L'Héritage de Pierre le Grand' and 'La Dernière des Romanov: Elisabeth I., Impératrice de Russie (1741-1762).'

M. Waliszewski tells us in the preface to his new volume, 'Ivan le Terrible,' which has just appeared:

"In the work of Peter the Great and of the great Catherine, modern Russia appears to us already fully armed for all the material and moral conquests which she has realized. This work, however, has antecedents, and Peter himself professed to be continuing a work. Whose work? We know his immediate predecessors, the first Romanoffs, obscure sovereigns of an empire which had no contact with Europe, which was closed to outside influences, and was powerless to draw from its own fund the elements of even a rudimentary civilization. If we go further, if we return to the last years of the sixteenth century, we find a time of trouble, disorder and anarchy, barbarism and night. Nevertheless, if we look closer, the sudden illumination of the eighteenth century is not a dawn; the light is too strong to be the light of a rising sun. Peter the Great was not mistaken as to it, and the night out of which his genius rose was only an eclipse."

By this figurative style M. Waliszewski means that Peter the Great had predecessors who merit the attention of history. One of them was that Ivan who received the appellation of "the Terrible," and who appears vaguely to the mind as a personification of cruelty, as a rival of Caligula and of Nero.

"This name of *Terrible* which I have been obliged to print on the front page of my volume in order that the man should be recognized," says M. Waliszewki, "is nonsense. The Russians themselves are deceived by it, as the name has been imposed on them by foreigners. The Germans hesitate between *der Schreckliche* and *der Grausame*, and the two versions are equally false. Never was Ivan IV. so called

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by the Muscovites of his time. He was for them the *groznyi*, a word which means 'to be respectable and respected.'"

To be sure, in order to be respected in the time of Ivan IV., it seems to have been necessary to resort to means which appear to us cruel and barbarous. "Place before your eyes the gigantic crucible in which the Russian people worked between the Ural and the Carpathian Mountains, between the White Sea and the Black Sea; it was not by mildness, by gentleness, by half measures that twenty different races could be mixed and fused." It is possible that in this great work Ivan IV. a little exaggerated the atrocity which was characteristic of the manners of the time.

All rehabilitations are excessive in proportion to the excess of the accusations. Ivan the Terrible is now considered by Russian writers a "central figure," and, as such, everything is pardoned to him. M. Waliszewski has honestly tried to find his way between the exaggerations of the past and of the present. He begins by describing accurately the Russia of the sixteenth century, its classes, its political and social organization, its peasants, its serfs, its urban populations, its church. The reader will find many new and interesting details regarding provincial and judicial organization, the economic state of the country, and the Russian commune, which still exists partly in its ancient form. The state of the roads, which still leaves so much to be desired, was such in the sixteenth century that famine was a sort of normal condition for some provinces, on account of the difficulty of transportation. An Englishman called Jenkinson, who was an observer as well as a trader, tells us that he saw with his own eyes as many as eighty people dying for want of subsistence, and such subsistence!—in summer, herbs and roots; in winter, straw. He speaks of the indifference of the people in the presence of such misfortunes. Till the end of the century, money was rarely seen, and most transactions took the form of barter. We have but little light on the finances of the State. Under the son of Ivan IV., Fletcher values the revenue of the empire at 1,400,000 rubles. Under Ivan IV., M. Waliszewski values it at about 1,200,000 rubles. (The ruble counted for 16 shillings and 8 pence.) At the same period the revenue of Henry VIII. in England was not more than a million crowns. Ivan IV., therefore, asked from his people nearly four times as much as Henry VIII. Ivan IV., besides the taxes, got much from the thirty-six towns with the villages depending upon them, of which he was the personal proprietor.

If we turn our attention to the intellectual state of the country, we find ourselves in a very unexplored field. The invasion of the Mongols in the thirteenth century is generally regarded as a tide of Asiatic barbarism. "Recent researches," says M. Waliszewski, "have destroyed the illusion of a sea of barbarism overwhelming elements of European culture." The Mongols were not devoid of a rudimentary culture; they found an empire in decomposition, already severed from Europe, and completely isolated. This intellectual isolation of orthodox Russia was the direct consequence of its affiliation with the Alma Mater of Byzantium.

We regret that we cannot follow M. Waliszewski in his elaborate study of literature and art in the sixteenth century. The chapter devoted to this special subject is among the most instructive in his work. He shows well how the literary activity of the country was concentrated in the Church and in the convents. The people were kept, as it were, completely outside of it, and were completely given up to tradition and superstition. The picture of the family life is very striking: "Serfs or freemen, the servants formed in reality a sort of court, in which the head of the family, the boyar, played the part of a sovereign, imitating, in ceremonial and in the distribution of offices, the models of the grand-ducal palace."

Ivan III. died in 1505, leaving five sons; the eldest, Basil, was married first to the daughter of a boyar, but, having no children, he threw her in a convent, and remarried the daughter of a Lithuanian, Helen Glinski, who, on the 25th of August, 1530, gave birth to a son who became Ivan IV. Three years later she was left a widow. She was a person of strong character, and imprisoned some of her relations who disputed her rule. It is thought that she was poisoned in 1538. Her son Ivan was still a child; the power fell into the hands of the boyars, and their oligarchy soon became anarchical. In 1546, Ivan announced his intention to be crowned, not as a grand duke, as his predecessors had been, but as Tsar (a title which they had not assumed), and to marry a Russian, the daughter of a boyar. He intended to be a national sovereign. The coronation took place, with great pomp, on the 16th of January, 1547. The wife whom he chose the same year was Anastasia, who belonged to one of the oldest families. The marriage was celebrated the 3d of February, 1547.

Ivan's character revealed itself after a great fire which took place in Moscow. The population believed that the conflagration was due to incendiaries, and required victims. Ivan did not restrain the blind fury of the populace; he felt, however, the necessity of putting an end to the general anarchy of the country, and summoned a sort of parliament, composed of the representatives of all classes and of all the provinces. His reign was very eventful. M. Waliszewski enters into most minute details about the Russian expansion towards the East, the taking of Kazan, of Astrakhan, the conquest of Livonia, the struggles with Sweden and with Poland for the empire of the Baltic. Ivan became a candidate for the throne of Poland, but was defeated in the election by Báthory. A conflict arose between Poland and Russia; the incidents of the struggle were the taking of Polotzk, the entrance of the Poles into Muscovy, the siege of Pskov. A pontifical mediation was followed by a truce. Ivan looked not only on the side of Europe; he prepared the conquest and the colonization of Siberia.

His reign can be characterized by the downfall, in some cases the destruction, of the old aristocratic families, and by the establishment of an autocratic power. This revolution, which in appearance was made for the benefit of the people, bore in reality bitter fruit. "The new régime was like a house with two stories constructed on the same plan—functionaries above, serfs downstairs; slavery everywhere." In the West, Ivan's policy was a failure. In the East, Kazan, Astrakhan, and Siberia mark real successes for him.

"Such as he was," says his historian, "in spite of his defects and his vices, his errors and his crimes, Ivan was popular, and his popularity survived the test of misfortune and of time. In the Muscovite series of historical songs the Tsar has a place of honor; he is described as accessible to human feelings, severe but just, even generous. To be sure, his semi-sacerdotal majesty raises him so high that no criticism could touch him. . . . When he is seen in a bloody orgy over the corpses of the vanquished Tatars, or when, on simple suspicion, he sends his boyars to the executioner, the people are with him; they applaud the carnage as well as the joy of their master. . . . The people, when they cannot applaud, shut their eyes; they will not allow that the *Terrible* killed his own son."

The morality of the time is shown in the legend which has grown up around history.

Correspondence.

NOTICE OF WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We should be glad if the pundits would tell us distinctly what, or whether any, preliminaries are necessary to a commencement of war. Do they mean, as it appears some of them do, that a nation is at liberty to fly at the throat of another nation without previous notice of any sort? Are we to be liable at any moment to sudden bombardment, and are ships homeward-bound in full security to find themselves in the hands of captors? There is a precedent of the kind in the conduct of England to France in 1755, under the foolish Duke of Newcastle. But it was treated by the French Government as a violation of public law, and is recorded by English historians with shame. Any rule based on the conduct of President Polk and his party in the Mexican war is pretty sure to be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Rupture of diplomatic relations has not hitherto been treated as a declaration of war. It took place between Great Britain and Spain in 1848, when no war followed or was expected to follow.

In the case of the Crimean war a manifesto was published by Great Britain.

One pundit says that the first act of hostility is the commencement of war—a dictum which, though luminous in itself, does not dispel my darkness. Perhaps the Hague Conference would give us a ruling.

Pacificus.

DIMINISHING NEGRO ILLITERACY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Probably "C. E. W." is not aware that there are figures of illiteracy for the Negroes alone as distinguished from "other colored." Those for 1870 and 1880 which he quotes refer only to Negroes. Others will be found in the 12th Census, Vol. 2, p. xcviii. They are as follows:

Illiterates	Ten years of age or over.
1870—2,806,233	in total pop. of 3,511,075 (79.9%)
1880—3,220,878	in total pop. of 4,601,207 (70%)
1890—3,042,668	in total pop. of 5,338,972 (57.1%)
1900—2,853,194	in total pop. of 6,415,581 (44.5%)

Such facts as these our country forgets

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or takes no pains to know; it is busily looking for other sorts of things.

Respectfully yours,

W. E. B. DuBois.

Atlanta, Ga., February 20, 1904.

"ALL-RIGHT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The communication in the *Nation* of February 11 regarding "all-right" recalls to my mind the use of this term in the Latin Quarter, Paris, when I was living there, a few years ago. There, and possibly throughout Paris, the term "all right" (pronounced "āl richt") is used as a general designation for English and Americans. Thus, it is not uncommon for a stranger, in certain parts of the Quarter, to hear this expression called after him as he passes in front of the sidewalk-tables of some of the cafés. A popular song of the Quarter, too, a few years ago, had as its refrain: "āl richt, āl richt, rien ne les émotionne," the song as a whole being a Quarter satire on the English woman in Paris. "All right" is, so far as my experience goes, the most used English-American term in Paris, *i. e.*, the term so frequently used by even the cultivated travellers abroad that it, before all others, has been caught up by the veriest street urchin.—Sincerely yours, M. Len. King.

77 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass., February 15, 1904.

PHILOLOGY ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* for January 28, your correspondent from the Modern Language Association, in referring to the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast, said: "The latter is now organized as a branch of the American Philological Association, but its modern-language element predominates." Advocates of a "lost cause" may be pardoned an excess of zeal, and so I beg leave to correct your correspondent's misstatement.

I have before me the programmes of four of the five meetings of our western philological society. Out of 80 papers read at these meetings, 39 have dealt with subjects in classical philology, 29 in modern European philology, and 12 in Semitic and Oriental philology and general linguistics. The programme for the meeting of 1902, which I cannot find, would not alter this showing. At the last meeting, in December, 1903, the preponderance of subjects in classical philology was greater than at any previous meeting—a fact which is regretted by those most deeply interested in the Association.

Very respectfully yours,

Edward B. Clapp.

Berkeley, Cal., February 17, 1904.

Notes.

New publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are 'Essays for the Day,' by Dr. Theodore T. Munger, and a dramatic poem, 'The Fire-bringer,' by William Vaughn Moody.

James Pott & Co. will bring out in the spring 'In Shakspere's England,' by F. S. Boas; 'Bygone London Life,' by G. L. Apperson; 'The World of Animal Life,' edited by Fred Smith; and 'Chester,' in a new series of "Ancient Cities."

The Baker & Taylor Co. have in press 'The Evolution of Knowledge,' by Raymond St. James Perrin, and a thoroughly revised and enlarged edition of Laughlin and Willis's 'Reciprocity.'

Among the Century Co.'s spring publications will be 'My Airships,' by Alberto Santos-Dumont, fully illustrated; 'Fable and Woodmyth,' by Ernest Thompson Seton; and 'Roof and Meadow,' by Dallas Lore Sharp.

The Outlook Company will soon publish 'A Preacher's Story of his Work,' by Dr. W. S. Rainsford.

The new edition of the Herbertsons' little volume, 'Man and his Work' (London: Adam & Charles Black), makes still more valuable the only available treatise in the English language containing such a compact fund of information, well selected and digested, dealing with the effects upon man, his industrial organization and social forms, of physical conditions from which he cannot, with all his art, escape. The present output indulges in the modest extravagance of a few illustrations, but there is, fortunately, no alteration in the simple and lucid treatment characteristic of the first. One cannot but hope that these authors, or others equally gifted with a sense of perspective, with clarity of expression and with common sense, will sometime undertake a less unpretentious treatment of environmental influences on man and society. The only work of importance in this field seems still to be the rather verbose and often involved 'Anthropogeographie' of Friedrich Ratzel.

From P. S. King & Son we have a quarto volume of some 300 pages forming a 'Catalogue of Parliamentary Papers, 1801-1900' (with a few of earlier date), compiled by Miss Hilda Vernon Jones. Miss Jones gives a brief historical review of the mode of publication, or non-publication, of these papers down to Session 1836, shortly before the accession of Queen Victoria, when they were allowed to be sold to the public. Miss Jones's Catalogue does not profess to be complete, but does include the most important documents, as derived from Messrs. King's special Parliamentary catalogues for fifty years. The compiler supplies an analysis of contents in cases where the title of a paper is not self-explanatory. The range of topics is enormous, as will appear by citing but a few titles: Coal, Corn and Grain, Cotton, Sugar, Coroners, Contagious Diseases, Cremation, Labor, Factories, Mines, Railways, Sewage, Irrigation, Telegraphs and Telephones, Prisons, Famine, Tuberculosis, Slavery, County Cess, Education, Civil Service, Elections (Corrupt Practices), Marriage (deceased wife's sister, married women's property), Extradition, Juggernaut, Keltic (chair); to say nothing of foreign relations—China, Venezuela, United States, New Guinea, etc., etc. This valuable guide to statesman, student, and journalist is sold at the reasonable price of two dollars.

Another highly serviceable index is that which accompanies Hazell's Annual for the first time (London: Hazell, Watson & Viney). This reference manual's nineteenth year is coextensive with 1903. Some consolidations in the classification are to be remarked, and are made feasible by the index. The burning fiscal question fills 29 pages with opposing views. The explosion in the Far East is foreshadowed in the closing sentence of the article on Russia, as well as in the article on China, which is accompanied by a map of the present seat of war, and again in the article on Japan, which contains the text of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. For the rest, the Annual has the features which have long made it one of the most esteemed works of its class.

Among recent legal publications is a new edition (the ninth) of Theophilus Parsons's well-known treatise on the 'Law of Contracts,' in three volumes (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). The editor is John M. Gould, who has added some six thousand new citations of cases. The total number of authorities cited in the work has now come to be about thirty-six thousand, and of course this is only a selection; to find all the cases in any given head of contracts, recourse must now be had to one or more cyclopædias. The value of Mr. Parsons's work consists in the authority of its text, and an annotator as good as Mr. Gould may be able to protract the life of this for a long time yet. Such books are not written any longer, any more than Greenleafs and Storys are—not because there are not lawyers in existence competent for the task, but because the tendency of legal writing is now in other directions. What those masters tried to do was to "lay down the law" in a final form, as nearly as possible as a court of last resort might lay it down. The result was, that they produced treatises to which courts of last resort became accustomed to go for the law itself. The elder writers could do this as we cannot, because, down to fifty years ago, it was still possible to study all the decisions, at least in single heads of the law. But now the cases have so accumulated that the writer of a treatise can no longer exhaust; he may point out principles which will serve as paths through them, but will generally content himself with using cases as guide-posts to these. Thus we have a multitude of new books which are no doubt excellent in their way, but which do not supersede the classical treatises, because they are different in kind. Of course, attempts in kind are made, but they are usually unsuccessful, partly for the reason we have mentioned, and partly because the men who make them are rather compilers than great lawyers.

'La Bruyère and Vauvenargues,' by Elizabeth Lee (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a small volume of selections, translated into English, and accompanied by a biographical introduction and notes. Neither writer is much more than a name to English or American readers, though in France they are both classical. Much of La Bruyère's 'Characters' is out of date now—as a study of human nature the class has been superseded by the novel. Vauvenargues's maxims and reflections as literary productions have not the finish of Rochefoucauld, but a few of them have the stamp of individuality. "Great thoughts come from the heart" Voltaire said was Vauvenargues himself; and no one who is a good judge of moral maxims but will give a high rank to "Magnanimity owes to prudence no account of its motives," also highly approved by the same authority. The introduction is good in giving all the important facts relating to the lives of the two authors.

We have from the pen of Charles Brad-

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ford another little volume for the devotee of the rod, entitled 'The Angler's Secret' (Putnams). Mr. Bradford gives us here, as in his former books, material for an hour or two of pleasant reading, whether by the winter fireside or the shaded banks of summer; but he can hardly be said to have caught the knack of the best type of literary sportsman. The chapter on flies might better have been left for the author's book on the same subject—one of no less than three volumes for "gentle sportsmen" which he announces as in preparation. The truth is, that the artificial fly becomes just a little tiresome to all except the one who has been so thoroughly bitten that the absence of the creature would leave an uncomfortable void, as with Tolstoy's victim of the midges in 'The Cossacks.' Mr. Bradford shows undue irritation at the scoffer. The tackle and methods of the genuine angler need no defence against the jeers of the dock-loafer with his hand-line, or the farmer's boy with his tamarack pole and tomato-can of fish-worms. Least of all is it necessary to prove that the said farmer's boy cannot catch more trout in a given time than the angler with his four-ounce bamboo and his flies. In the first place, he often can, because he knows the ground better; and, in the second place, the man who has the true "Angler's Secret" is not supposed to trouble himself seriously about the quantity of his catch, as Mr. Bradford never forgets except when running a tilt with his *bête noire*, the scoffer. The open print, wide margins, and appropriate illustrations of this book delight the eye, though the cover can hardly be called a complete success, as it warps too readily and its shade of green is not well chosen.

'The Technology of Sugar,' by John Geddes M'Intosh (Van Nostrand), is a volume of about 400 pages, dealing with the manufacture of sugar from the cane and the beet. More than half the book is devoted to a detailed description of the beet-sugar industry, from the beet in the field to the finished product. Some attention is paid to the historical development of processes, and many illustrations figure the apparatus used. Cane-sugar manufacture is dealt with in briefer fashion, but at sufficient length, as only the first processes differ from those used in the production of sugar from the beet. It is interesting to note that the introduction of improved and scientific processes in the treatment of the raw juices has taken place in connection with the beet industry, while the manufacturers of cane sugar have been slow to adopt modern methods—a fact which is to be explained by the different geographical locations and the environments of the two industries. Mr. M'Intosh points out that reforms are still necessary in cane-sugar factories, and adds, "It is not long since chemists were introduced into these torrid countries where mediocrity reigns supreme over the complete industrial vacuity of the natives." The treatment of the chemistry and analysis of sugars (47 pages) is perfunctory and not wholly satisfactory. At the outset the definition of sugars is open to criticism; and the table of solubility in mixtures of alcohol and water is unintelligible on account of an error in the headings. It appears from this table that a solution of sugar in water at 40° C. may contain 105.2 per cent. of sugar. Turning to the original table of C. Scheibler, from which this is adapted without reference, one sees that the figures represent the number of grammes in 100cc. of the saturated solution. As a whole, the book forms a useful contribution to an important subject.

The sixth series of 'La Vie et les Livres' M. Gaston Deschamps devotes to a resumption of his first theme, viz., the patriotism and energy of his fellow-countrymen as shown in the Napoleonic campaigns, in the terrible days of 1870, and more recently in hazardous expeditions into far countries beyond sea. One of the most interesting divisions (VIII.) of the first part discusses the strange confusion produced in the minds of militant cosmopolitans such as Benjamin Constant and Mme. de Staël, through their reluctance to accept the triumphs of a nature more successfully energetic than their own. In dealing with the Franco-German war, opportunity is found for exalting the sentiments of fidelity to a national ideal so tellingly expressed in the war-novels of the brothers Marguerite; while the opening sentence of the chapters on foreign or colonial enterprise points the way for contemporary French energy: "Il faut . . . tourner ces jeunes gens vers les grandes routes, vers le plein air, vers les endroits . . . où l'on se sent devenir un homme." How to do it is the problem.

President Eliot's annual report has the inveterate quality of interest and suggestiveness known to all friends of Harvard and of the higher education. Its one significant demonstration is that graduates of our public high schools surpass at college those from private schools. For the rest there is an uncommonly large number of loose ends; how to amend the Tabular View, or schedule of lecture hours, in opposition to the athletes and instructors who want blocks of leisure, mostly in the afternoon? how to rename the Graduate School, since all departments now begin with holders of the bachelor's degree? how to obtain an adequate building for the Library, and where to put it, and what number of volumes to restrict it to? how to secure the necessary endowments all along the line? Curious facts are that Radcliffe's students are chiefly drawn from eastern Massachusetts; that it costs nearly twice as much to educate a girl there as a boy at Harvard, "because former generations have provided educational endowments for the boy, but not for the girl"; that "the game which has been conducted at Cambridge with the least intelligence and success is football—except from a pecuniary point of view"; that "the students in Harvard College seem to be sick nearly twice as much as the students in the Lawrence Scientific School"—the real disease being malingering; that it is only since 1896 that the College has actually been living beyond its means.

One may read in Volume 2 of the Report of the Commissioner of Education, Department of the Interior, 1902, of the educational opportunities furnished to the people of Porto Rico, Alaska, the Philippine Islands, and Cuba. The race question has reached Alaska: Nome and other towns refuse to allow Indian or Eskimo children in the public schools. An interesting résumé is given of the training of feeble-minded children. Among a number of papers on subjects more or less allied to education, we note reports on the Reindeer in Alaska, Religion in Alaska, and an instructive group of tables upon illiteracy.

The annual reports of State Boards of Health are a form of public documents to which one seldom turns for steady reading, but from which one may cull many facts of general interest. The Massachusetts Board ranks high among its fellows, and its report for 1902, lately issued, contains more items deserving publicity than can be here noted. During the smallpox epidemic of 1901-02 the old custom of quarantining the inmates of a house from which a case of this disease had been removed, was given up: disinfection was employed instead, and the inmates of the house were then, after vaccination, allowed to go free. In the eighteenth century, deaths from smallpox, as well as from measles and scarlet fever, occurred chiefly with children under five years of age; since the introduction of vaccination the death-rate from smallpox has decreased, but more than half of the deaths in a thousand from this disease now occur after the fifteenth year, and this indicates that vaccination in childhood is not sufficient. A diagram is introduced to show that, during the past fifty years, the death-rate from pneumonia, cancer, and diseases of the kidneys, heart, and brain has risen from under three to nearly seven in 1,000; while the rate for other diseases has fallen from over eight to under five. It is noted that the diseases of decreasing death-rate are chiefly of the young; hence the lives thus saved are more valuable than the lives lost. A special diagram is given for the death-rate from consumption from four in 1,000 in 1850 to under two in 1900; but this is for "deaths in Massachusetts." No account seems to be taken of the increasing resort by consumptives in recent years to drier climates, where not all of them recover.

Cotton naturally takes the leading place in the Consular Reports for February. There are given statistics of the world's consumption and production, facts in regard to the condition of the industry in various countries, and a summary of the efforts made in the British colonies and dependencies to promote cultivation. An interesting account of the manufacture of lace in France closes with the statement that the Government, recognizing its importance, has provided for instruction in making lace by hand in the public and normal schools of those departments where the industry now exists. A report upon the commerce of Colon and Panama includes a detailed statement of the passenger and freight business of the railroad for the years 1901 and 1902. The Daily Consular Report for February 15 contains a striking description of Harbin, the centre of the Mantchurian railway administration, and "one of the greatest achievements in city construction that the world has ever witnessed." It has a population of 60,000, exclusive of soldiers, the growth of a little over four years. Intended primarily as a Government centre, it has become a commercial and manufacturing city, and is called the Moscow of Asia. The leading industry is the manufacture of flour. The public buildings alone have cost the Government upwards of $15,000,000.

"The Republic of Panama," a paper by the Hon. William H. Burr, is the principal feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for February. A brief sketch of the republic's history and resources, with

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some account of the various canal projects, beginning with the survey ordered by Charles V. in 1520, introduces a description of the plans recommended by the Isthmian Canal Commission, of which the author is a member. Other articles relate to the Eighth International Geographic Congress to be held in Washington next September and the Philippine weather service. Among the illustrations of the number is a remarkable photograph of an abandoned colony of flamingo nests in the Bahama Islands. Each of the 2,000 nests "is about 18 inches in diameter and 12 inches high, and is made up of mud which the bird scoops up from the bottom. In the bowl at the top of this adobe dwelling the female lays a single white egg. Of the period of incubation, condition of the young at birth, manner of feeding, etc., practically nothing is known." Formerly flamingoes were quite common on our Southern coast, but only one flock is now known to inhabit the United States, and its nesting-grounds have not yet been discovered, though they are somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Sable, Florida.

Our new commercial treaty with China, it is pointed out in a circular from the Copyright Office, contains three articles relating to Trademarks, Patents, and Copyright.

The fifth Italian Geographical Congress is to be held in Naples in the first half of April, beginning on the 6th. Membership is granted by the executive committee for a fee of ten lire, which entitles the payer to the volume of proceedings. The president of the committee is the Deputy Francesco Spirito, and its headquarters are near the Chamber of Commerce.

The pioneers in the field of comparative literature, it would seem, die young. The brilliant Joseph Texte, who held the chair of comparative literature at the University of Lyons, died a few years ago in the full maturity of his powers, just as a chair was being created for him at the Sorbonne. News has now reached this country of the death of another pioneer, Dr. Louis P. Betz, professor of comparative literature at the University of Zurich. The services rendered by Professor Betz to this newly organized department of research were many. His invaluable bibliography, 'La Littérature Comparée,' published four years ago with an introduction by M. Texte, called attention to the full accomplishment of the study up to that time, and a second edition, with many additions and corrections, is now, we understand, in the press of Trübner at Strassburg. American scholars were perhaps especially interested in his recent 'Studien zur vergleichenden Litteraturgeschichte der modernen Zeit,' which contained an important study of Poe's influence abroad. For several years Professor Betz edited a separate department of the *Litterarische Echo* of Leipzig, devoted to the increasing number of contemporary monographs and studies in comparative literature.

—The first double number for 1904 of the *Zentralblatt* (formerly *Centralblatt*) *für Bibliothekswesen* has just appeared, and calls for special mention on account of the change in management. Dr. Otto Hartwig, who has been editor since the journal was established twenty years ago, relinquished the editorship with the last number for 1903, and in a prefatory note the new editor, Dr. Paul Schwenke, "Abteilungsdirektor" at the Royal Library in Berlin, expresses the hope that his predecessor may long enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, and that the journal may often receive contributions from his pen. After this, it is pathetic to read, on the last page of the same number, that, shortly before it went to press, on the 22d of December, Dr. Hartwig breathed his last. The change of editors has entailed some changes in the appearance of the journal, but nothing that had not already been contemplated by Dr. Hartwig. The only really important change is that the alphabetically arranged monthly lists of currently issued books on libraries, bibliography, printing, etc., will be enlarged in scope so as to cover both books and articles in periodicals. The titles will now be grouped according to a rather broad classification; at the end of the year they will be collected so as to form an annual bibliography, in realization of the plan for a 'Jahresbericht für das Bibliotheks- und Buchwesen' which Dr. Schwenke outlined a couple of years ago in a paper which he read before the "Verein deutscher Bibliothekare." Other changes are merely external; none in the programme is contemplated. The editor states expressly that "it will still be the aim of the journal to combine with the furtherance of the practical interests of libraries and the library profession that scientific spirit without which neither our large libraries nor their officers can exist, and which the journal has had to thank for the interest manifested towards it outside of professional circles."

—The number in hand is devoted to the proceedings of the conference of the above mentioned Verein in Halle, October 5 and 6, 1903. Among the papers read we may call attention to those on the "Preparation for Librarianship." While the writers of these papers, Drs. Gerhard of Halle and Schnorr von Carolsfeld of Munich, as well as the participants in the following discussion were at variance in some details of greater or less importance, there was no doubt in anybody's mind that mere technical training will make subordinate clerks, but not librarians. The existence of different grades of library workers was regarded as self-evident and the need of adequate training for the lower grades pointed out, but it was emphasized on all sides that those who aspire to enter the higher grade must have some scientific specialty besides the ordinary "Brotstudien" of library economy and bibliography. The librarian will come in contact with scholars and students, and must be able not merely to appreciate scholarship in general, but to understand the problems that meet the scientific investigator; and, in order to do this, he must be an investigator himself. "We do not want any pattern-made librarians," says Dr. Gerhard. "In the interest of our libraries we demand that their officers shall represent various branches of knowledge, and so mutually supplement each others' specialties." The chief bone of contention was the question whether the special bibliographical instruction required should be offered at universities, under professors, or in large libraries, under the guidance of active librarians. Says Dr. Schnorr von Carolsfeld: "A professorship of library economy is not sufficient for our wants. The training must be given in closest connection with the practice, in the rooms of a large library which can offer necessary material to animate and illustrate the instruction." In an outline of the subjects to be studied, he enumerates the various branches of bibliographical science, library administration in general, and the administration of the national library, and lastly linguistics. He points strongly to the necessity of the librarian being somewhat familiar with all languages that have a literature, so that he can find his way through title-pages and prefaces. Other papers of general interest are those on the "Organization of Popular Reading Rooms" and on "The Bibliography of Current Literature." There is also an appreciative paper on "The Printed Catalogue Cards of the Library of Congress."

—Mr. Falconer Madan has compiled a delightful supplement to Mr. Horace Hart's memorable 'Notes on a Century of Typography at the University Press, Oxford, 1693-1794,' which appeared four years ago. His field is more extensive, however, for he offers 'A Chart of *Oxford* Printing, "1468"-1900, with Notes and Illustrations' (Oxford: The University Press; New York: Henry Frowde). Still, the output other than that of the University Press did not exceed 5 per cent. of the town's total until about 1800, or 20 per cent. in the nineteenth century. The illustrations are notable: facsimiles of the first page of the first book printed at Oxford, with a disputable date (1468 for the more probable 1478); of the first page of the first book printed at Oxford at the Second Press (1517); of the first piece—a broadside—issued from Joseph Barnes's press (1584-5), which was started in 1585 on a loan of £100 from the University, and was the small beginning of the University Press; of the first page of the first book printed at the Sheldonian Theatre (1669); of the first page printed at the Clarendon Printing-House (1713); of the first page printed at the Clarendon Press (1830, a Greek New Testament)—besides cuts of the several printing-houses. Last of all is the analytic chart of production, exhibiting the theological and classical proportions by plottings in red and green, in comparison with a black zigzag for the yearly totals. The great upheaval of the black and red lines during 1840-42 "was directly due to the Tractarian movement, with its accompanying deluge of pamphlets." The text consists of brief annals of the various presses, with indications of the rarity of the incunabula. The so-called Second Press eschewed theology altogether. The privilege of printing Bibles was first granted in the royal charter of 1635-6; but there were long struggles with the London Stationers and King's Printers before the Bible Press began (in 1675). Meantime, in 1665, the oldest existing English newspaper started as the *Oxford Gazette*. The first Printer to the University ("Architypographus") was Samuel Clarke, M.A.; the antiquary Thomas Hearne stands fifth on the list, for a few months only; the last is the present genial controller, Horace Hart, to whom Mr. Madan dedicates his volume in graceful Latin.

—A great variety of curious statistics is added about the several habitations of the Press; the dates of acquisition or employment of unusual type; the first stereo-

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typing; the advent of Oxford India paper; the union of the Bible and Learned Presses under Mr. Hart's management; the diversity of the University imprints; the perpetual copyright in Clarendon's 'Rebellion'; the beginning in 1882 of the 'New English Dictionary,' "estimated to make 13,000 [quarto] pages in ten volumes"; the list of Oxford printers and publishers. Here will be found the story of the Clarendon Press Keepsakes, begun in 1640, in honor of distinguished visitors, and lately illustrated (as our readers know) in the case of our ambassador, Mr. Choate. A section on the Oxford Almanacks, continuous from 1674 to the present day, save for 1675, is of much interest, and the first almanac, reduced, serves as frontispiece. Oxford, in 1783, was granted £500 a year for the loss of her monopoly in almanacs. Then there is the 'Corpus Statutorum' issued in 1634, and "still going on, the Addenda having at present (1903) reached p. 1084"—"a rare example of a book (not a periodical or serial) continuing for 135 years, 'necdum finitus.'" In 1877 the Caxton Memorial Bible was printed and bound within twelve hours, the binding being done in London, too. An American, the late Henry Stevens, suggested this feat, and Mr. Henry Frowde carried it out. Mr. Madan's 'Chart," we regret to add, is not for sale, and the presentation copies number but 100.

—When the proposal to substitute French or German for the rudiments of Greek still compulsorily exacted in "Responsions" from every candidate for the Oxford B.A. was defeated in 1902 by a small majority in Congregation (the vote against it numbering 189, that in its favor 166), notice was given of a more limited proposal against compulsory Greek. This has now taken effect. On February 9 Congregation discussed four resolutions, of which the first two respectively specify for exemption from compulsory Greek (1) candidates in the Honours School of Natural Sciences; (2) candidates in the Honours School of Mathematics. The third resolution abrogates for such exempted candidates the requirement of a knowledge of Greek in the still compulsory examination in Holy Scripture, substituting for it a larger acquaintance with the subject-matter of Holy Scripture; and the fourth resolution provides for the exempted candidates, as a substitute for Greek, (*a*) a mathematical or a scientific subject, (*b*) either French or German — the examination to comprise translations and composition. The test vote was upon the first resolution, which was carried by a majority of two; *i. e.*, if one of the majority had voted with the minority the result would have been a tie. The votes in favor numbered 164, and those against the resolutions 162, but of course there were many cases of pairing. A committee of twelve was then charged with the task of drafting an examination statute to give effect to the resolutions. Their statute will in time be voted upon by Congregation. If it be carried there, it has still to come before Convocation. This is, as a rule, the merest formality, since only a small number of the 6,000-odd belonging to Convocation who happen to reside in Oxford and therefore are also members of Congregation attend ordinary meetings of Convocation. But the evenly balanced state of opinion in Oxford may lead to an agitation of the Greek question in England at large and bring many non-resident M.A.'s up to Oxford for the final vote. This is not very likely to happen if Cambridge, where the question of compulsory Greek *and Latin* will soon be passed upon, pronounces against compulsory Greek.

—Marcus Dods's 'Forerunners to Dante' (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark), while it has but little to do with the *altissimo poeta*, will be of interest both to Dante scholars and to the general public. It is really a popular, though scholarly, treatise on comparative eschatology among the nations of Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. As the author says: "The present research is not conducted from Dante backwards, but from the infancy of the idea forwards to the master interpreter as a convenient stopping-place and climax." There is no claim to completeness, nor is there any attempt at rigidly scientific classification. The Church Fathers are excluded; even Dionysius the Areopagite finds no place. The author apparently contributes nothing original; but he follows good authorities, and in his selection as in his brief comments he shows both learning and judgment. For the mediæval period he acknowledges special indebtedness to Wright, Delepierre, Ozanam, and Labitte; D'Ancona's 'Precursori di Dante' seems to have escaped him. A short chapter on the Babylonian and Egyptian legends of the dead is followed by a longer exposition of the Greek and Roman versions of the theme; here we find Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, Cicero, Virgil, and Plutarch. The "Descensus Christi" forms a chapter by itself—perhaps the most interesting one to the student of Dante. A discussion of "Apocryphal Literature" comprises both the familiar Christian and the less known Hebrew versions. "Early Christian Legends"—Carpus, Macarius, Brandan—introduce the "Mediæval Legends," which, as is natural, fill a large part of the volume; although there is nothing new in the collection, it is convenient and interesting to have so many stories together. From the very short "Conclusion" we may quote a few passages: "The visions began with simplicity and lack of elaboration, as we might expect, but were soon filled out and enlarged with more or less definite detail. By the time of Christ there are no less than three separate traditions, all of them substantial, which have grown up almost uninfluenced by one another. These may be called the Egyptian, the Classical, and the Hebrew. . . . At the beginning of the Christian era the 'Visit to the Dead' underwent a necessary change. The Jewish version becomes Christianized, the Classical and Egyptian become a mere influence, betraying their presence by occasional touches. It was in the main the Hebrew tradition that lived on." After the first century the author distinguishes "two main streams of literature," the apocryphal apocalypses and the "simple, pious legends" of saints and monks, which "flowed separately for some six hundred years." He emphasizes, furthermore, the striking fact that "in every vision recorded in these pages the joys of heaven are pictured as spiritual, while the pains of hell are invariably physical."

—We imagine it would be safe to say that the Duc de Berry, son of Charles X., is best known through his assassination and its political consequences. He had, however a romance, which lies wholly outside his public career, and dates from the period of his exile in England. The story of his marriage to Amy Brown, the daughter of a Kentish rector, is told by the Comte de Rorc'h-Yantel in a short essay entitled 'Le Premier Mariage du Duc de Berry à Londres' (Paris: Champion). This English girl who caught the Duke's fancy was wholly destitute of artistocratic relations, but possessed, in addition to good looks, much self-command and dignity of character. The singular fact is that neither the Comte d'Artois nor Louis XVIII. protested against the marriage. The bride believed her husband to be a noble, but was not aware of his exalted birth until the Restoration. Needless to say, she was not accorded her rank in the days when the Bourbons were trying to make the most of their return from exile by contracting profitable alliances. Pius VII. kindly annulled the first marriage, and in June, 1816, the Duke was wedded to the Princess Marie-Caroline, one of the Neapolitan Bourbons. Fortunately, the papal brief recognized the legitimacy of his children by the first marriage, and after his assassination his two daughters, besides being raised to the peerage of France, were provided with aristocratic husbands. Their mother lived to the age of ninety-three, and, apart from her divorce, was well treated by the Bourbons. The Comte de Rorc'h-Yantel gives us all the essential facts, with a few documents, and several quotations from Mme. de Gontaut added. While his little essay is readable, it cannot be said that he has mastered the intricacies of English topography or of English proper names.

ANCIENT IRELAND.

A Social History of Ancient Ireland, Treating of the Government, Law, Religion, Arts, Trades, Manners and Customs, etc., of the Ancient Irish People. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. (Trin. Coll., Dubl.), M.R.I.A. In 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

The study of the language, literature, history, and civilization of primitive Ireland has of late years attracted a greatly increased attention in England, and to some extent in Germany and France also. The Germans have, since the days of Zeuss, done much for Celtic philology, and a succession of eminent Irish antiquaries and philologists, including Petrie, George Stokes, Crome, Ferguson, O'Donovan, O'Curry, O'Grady, Reeves, Todd, and Whitley Stokes, have thrown a flood of light upon the times before the Anglo-Norman Conquest, where previously ignorant fancy had run riot and sober men had despaired of extracting the truth from credulous or inventive annalists. Early Ireland, it may now be said, has been recovered and brought within the realm of history; and the language is to a considerable extent known as far back as the eighth century, though few (if any) MSS. (except the Celtic glosses in Latin ecclesiastical books) date as far back as that age. This zeal for the study has taken a singular and what may be called a romantic turn in Ireland. The ancient language, which had been so rapidly dying that, ten years ago, men expected it to disappear altogether by the middle of the present century (for it had become confined to the wilder regions of the

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west), is now being learned by thousands of Irishmen and Irishwomen both in Ireland and in England, who knew no more of it than they did of Chinese, and is becoming comparatively familiar in parts of Ireland where it had practically died out two or three decades ago. If this impulse, born of the revival of national sentiment, lasts, there seems no reason why the ancient Gaelic should not endure for another century, or as much further as we can now see.

One result of this renewed interest in early Irish history has been the publication of many collections of tales and legends, some of which, by their high imaginative quality, well deserve a high place in the literature of primitive races. Another result is seen in the publication of such books as the present one, which deal with the institutions, customs, and social life of the people in pre-conquest days. Dr. Joyce is well known as a Celtic scholar and antiquarian by his 'Names of Places in Ireland' and other works. He has here attempted the large task of presenting a sort of encyclopædic description of the people as they were before Strongbow's invasion brought them into direct contact with the English, their church into direct contact with Rome, and a part, though for nearly four centuries only a small part, of the country under English rule. The book is strictly practical, and is intended to instruct rather than to entertain the reader. Though copious references to particular incidents recorded by the original Irish authorities are given, there are no digressions into the realm of romance, and no attempt to deck out the simplicity of the description by any literary ornament. A similar treatment of the subject had been essayed many years ago by Eugene O'Curry in his 'Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish,' an excellent book, which is not superseded by the present, although Dr. Joyce has availed himself judiciously of what O'Curry has collected, and has added much new matter, so that his picture is more complete. He is sensible and sufficiently critical, holding an even course between the credulity of the eighteenth century and the somewhat overstrained skepticism which, in and after the days of Niebuhr, was applied to almost all primitive records. Parallels from the customs of other early peoples are occasionally given, but we could wish that this kind of illustration had been more frequently employed, for it often serves to elucidate some obscure statement or strange usage, and it sometimes enables us better to realize the conditions under which usages are formed.

In the passage, for instance, which describes the satiric poets of Ireland and the immense influence of the libellous verses they composed, reference might well have been made to the severe prescriptions of the early Roman law upon this subject, and to the similar severity of the early Icelandic law. Speaking generally, Dr. Joyce has made less use than might have been wished of the old Norse sagas, which portray the life of a people in many respects unlike the Irish Celts in character, but standing on much the same level of civilization, and during more than two centuries in close relations with them, usually as enemies, but sometimes also as friends, for there were some remarkable family alliances between the Norsemen who had established themselves in Ireland and the native Irish princes. Kormak, the famous Icelandic poet, and Njal, the famous lawyer, who is commemorated in the Njal's Saga, were both sprung from such alliances, and both bore the names of Irish ancestors. And it has indeed been strongly urged by some eminent recent scholars that some of the Icelandic poems collected in the Elder Edda were composed in Ireland and bear marks of Celtic influence. This suggests the remark that Dr. Joyce adheres somewhat too strictly to his purpose to produce a purely descriptive treatise apart from history. He has done well not to attempt a narrative; but he might with advantage have somewhere indicated how important were the changes which must have passed on Ireland from its conversion in the middle of the fifth century A. D. (adopting the ordinary view) down to the Anglo-Norman invasion in the middle of the twelfth. Among these changes the most important were those caused by the Norse and Danish invasions, of which rather more than is here given might well be said, for they did much to break up the fabric of society in Ireland, and threw back its ecclesiastical civilization.

So much darkness has hung over the religion and mythology of the Celtic peoples that one turns with special interest to the treatment of this subject in a book of this comprehensive nature. Dr. Joyce has carefully collected a great many references to the old deities or old idols and to various rites, but we do not derive any clear impression of the faith and worship of the people as a whole. Perhaps there is no more to be known than he gives us. The first missionaries in any heathen country have, until our own days, troubled themselves very little to preserve the records of heathen practices, which indeed they wished to banish as quickly as possible from the minds of their converts. Although many of the heroic tales and other legends had their origin in pagan times, they were not written down till Christianity had made the use of writing tolerably familiar; and when they began to be written, a good deal of the ancient idolatry doubtless dropped out, though there remained plenty of references to the goblins, elves, and other spirits who are not incompatible with Christian belief, and certainly held their place in the belief of many good Christians down till very recent times, if indeed they can be said to have even now departed from the wilder parts of the country. One gets from the materials collected by Dr. Joyce the impression of nothing so definite and positive as the Olympian pantheon of Homer and Hesiod, nothing even so definite as the Scandinavian Æsir headed by Odin, but of a confused mixture of the worship of the great elemental bodies and forces of nature, such as the Sun, Fire, and the Sea or Water, with a probably still more primitive worship of local spirits inhabiting wells, rivers, stones, possibly also mountains and trees. There was, as is usual with peoples in the stage of spirit worship, a vast deal of sorcery; indeed, the so-called druids, of whom we hear as resisting St. Patrick, were probably rather wizards or medicine men than priests in the stricter sense of the term. It need hardly be said that the worship of stones survived in Ireland till far on into the nineteenth century —a few years ago a sacred stone in one of the islands off the coast of Mayo used to have a new woollen robe made for it from time to time—and a sort of worship is rendered to wells to-day in Cornwall and Wales, as well as in Ireland. Whether human sacrifices such as those which Cæsar ascribes to the Gallic worship prevailed in Ireland, seems doubtful. Dr. Joyce rejects the statement in the Dinnsenchus (one of the oldest and most trustworthy authorities) that they were offered, because this statement finds no support in other writings where, if true, it might have been expected. But in these cases the argument from silence is weak against a positive assertion where, as here, there is no special reason for suspecting the good faith of its author.

The account given of the laws of ancient Ireland is comparatively brief, as, indeed, it must needs be, for more than these two bulky volumes would be needed to deal fully with so large a subject; but it is clear and sensible. Dr. Joyce has recognized that although Keating and some other authors have talked of legislation and legislative assemblies, there was no such thing as legislation in our modern sense. The law was custom, preserved at first in the memories of learned Brehons, afterwards in written records, and presented chiefly in the form of records of opinions delivered or decisions given by famous jurists. It is a remarkable evidence of the progress in civilization which these primitive Celts had made, that their legal rules had become not only so numerous, but also so minute, and even subtle, and that the men who possessed legal lore held so high and honored a place in the community as is here described. Indeed, the early Celts seem to have paid a quite exceptional respect to all kinds of intellectual attainment. The Ollamh, or learned man, was the equal of kings. The poet stood at least as high as the Norse Skald, higher than the Greek minstrel as we find him in Homer. His art was one of extraordinary complexity, for the system of versification seems to have been at least as difficult, at least as much governed by intricate rules of alliteration and assonance, as was the system of Scandinavia. Here the resemblance stops, for the character of Celtic poetry and Celtic legend differs widely from that of Scandinavian. It is in a certain sense more imaginative, more dreamy, more suffused with mystery. But it is less forcible, less strenuous, less direct. In these respects the Scandinavian comes nearer to the Greek, though inferior to the Greek as is the Celtic work also, in grace and in fertility of invention. Homer effects by simplicity more than either the Icelanders or the Irish effect by their complexity. When one thinks of the exuberance of poetical talent among the primitive Celts, one cannot help feeling some surprise at the small amount of good poetry which this otherwise gifted race has produced in historical times and under the impulse of the literary movements of the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries. The sixteenth century was, indeed, for Ireland a time of frightful disorder and misery. But since the middle of the eighteenth century Ireland has had her chance, so far as literature, at least, is concerned. She has contributed to the literary roll of fame a large number of eminent names, some of them of the first

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rank. But she has not contributed a single poet who stands high even in the second rank. The Welsh, an extremely intelligent people, have not got even so far as the second rank in this sphere of intellectual effort. Scotland stands in productivity much above either Ireland or Wales, but all the best Scottish poets have been Lowlanders, not of Gaelic stock, though perhaps with an admixture of Celtic blood.

We have no space to deal with the interesting illustrations of early Irish civilization which Dr. Joyce draws from the arts and industries of the country, from its music, from the social life and habits of the people. They give the impression of a race which had advanced further in literary culture and in artistic culture than it had done in the capacity for political organization. There may in this respect be a contrast between the primitive Celts and the primitive Teutons, but the subject is one which it would take long to work out. Though he is not always as critical or exact as might be wished in matters belonging to history, his book is a valuable storehouse of facts drawn from the original Irish records; and its value is enhanced by a very full list of authorities and an extremely elaborate index.

RECENT POETRY.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, whose faculty for far-reaching discrimination has sharpened English criticism with some admirable distinctions, has recently classed poetic moods as of acceptance and of wonder. In the 'Renascence of Wonder' he has written at large of the rise of Romanticism, and, narrowing his vision to the last decade, he has found the fundamental mood of current poetry to be that of acceptance, with a reservation in behalf of the little secondary renascence of wonder to be seen in the work of the Neo-Celtic school. Subject as it is to various modifications, this distinction will be helpful in determining the essential quality of some of the more interesting and significant books of contemporary verse.

In 'After Sunset' (John Lane), Mrs. Rosamund Marriott Watson writes of natural loss, and of the wistfulness of recurrent spring, with something of acceptance, it is true, yet with frequent stirrings of the old joyous or grievous wonder at the World. The former is nowhere more poignantly expressed than in the fine lines beginning a poem occasioned by a blackbird's song:

"Through the melancholy winter sunset
Pale with shores of pearl and seas of amber,
High in air above the silent garden
Floats a song of sweet, of strange denial,
Clear and mellow, insolent with triumph, . . ."

This citation, however, is not in Mrs. Watson's most individual vein. In the majority of her pieces she is more sparing in the use of poetic imagery and diction. Her writing is rarely bookish, though she shows considerable affinity with the German lyric poets. Indeed, her best work suggests theirs in its way of voicing tender sorrow with simple yet haunting grace, as in

THE CHILD ALONE.

They say the night has fallen chill—
But I know naught of mist or rain,
Only of two small hands that still
Beat on the darkness all in vain.

They say the wind blows high and wild
Down the long valleys to the sea;
But I can only hear the child
Who weeps in darkness, wanting me.

Beyond the footfalls in the street,
Above the voices of the bay,
I hear the sound of little feet,
Two little stumbling feet astray.

Oh, loud the autumn wind makes moan,
The desolate wind about my door,
And a little child goes all alone
Who never was alone before.

This is Mrs. Watson's most characteristic note. If there is nothing of orchestral amplitude about it, it is, at any rate, sincere and sweetly attuned.

"A. E.," who is understood to be a Mr. Russell, has, despite the affectation of anonymity, a finely individual faculty for verse. His 'Divine Vision, and Other Poems' (Macmillan) is compact of the filmy mysticism which has already been sufficiently expounded by Mr. Yeats and his followers, and it contains many allusions to the personages of Celtic mythology. Neither the one nor the other, however, has any very close relation to the quality of "A. E.'s" work at its best. In the ostensibly Celtic poems there are many fine flights of dactyls and anapæsts, and some impressions of Celtic landscape as striking as that in the first stanza of "The Voice of the Waters":

"Where the Greyhound River windeth through a loneliness so deep,
Scarce a wild fowl shakes the quiet that the purple bog-lands keep,
Only God exults in silence over fields no man may reap."

But, for the most part, the sense of beauty which informs these propagandist poems is a bit tremulous. There are many lines, like that comparing love to "a pearl-gray dawn," which carry the poetry of wonder a little too far; and though some of the pieces weave a fleeting spell about our mood, there is a lack of outline which keeps them from being quite memorable. The better things in "A. E.'s" book are all his own—brief love poems, full of a kind of quaint and highly intellectual tenderness, which suggests, without imitating, the poetry of the courts of love and of Donne. There is, for example, a poem called "The Burning Glass." From out his lady's spirit a beam passes through "the burning glass of womanhood," and the lover languishes at the focus, enduring all beauty and all desire. At the end he cries:

"Ah, time long must the effort be,
And far the way that I must go
To bring my spirit unto thee,
Behind the glass, within the glow."

Charming as this is in its fanciful quaintness; it fails a little in poetic sincerity. We do not feel our imagination impressed by the human rightness of the similitude. In "Refuge," with which we take leave of "A. E.," this fault is avoided. The symbolism is even more elaborate and complex than before, yet it satisfies the imagination as well as the fancy:

"Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by,
And Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed fast;
Ceaseless pursuit and flight were in the sky,
But the long chase had ceased for us at last.

"We watched together while the driven fawn
Hid in the golden thicket of the day.
We from whose hearts pursuit and flight were gone,
Knew on the hunter's breast her refuge lay."

Mr. G. R. Woodward's 'Poemata' (Longmans) lets us abruptly down from the poetry of wonder to a wholesome "Augustanism." The poems he has collected are experiments in the translation of pithy popular verse, chiefly satirical, from Greek, Latin, French, and German. His method, which is subtle and well-considered, consists in using, so far as possible, homely English phrases, and pointing them with old-time spelling and elisions. In the Greek section this tone rings false, but in rendering poems like the Latin tale of "The Priest and Isengrin the Wolf," the French "Yver, vous n'estes qu'un villain," or the German "Ich bin der Doktor Eisenbart," it is extremely telling. Mr. Woodward likewise gives his verse an engaging academic suggestiveness by his happy knack of prefixing a pointed Early English tag to a translation from the Greek, and a phrase from Latin or French to a German song. It would be a pleasure to quote at length from a book so exemplary in scholarship and taste, but we must content ourselves with this "Recipe for Making Good Epigrams":

Omne epigramma sit instar apis.

Make your epigram in verse,
Witty, pithy, pointed, terse:
Like a bee, a little thing,
Full of honey, armed with sting.

Mr. George Stirling's 'Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems' (San Francisco: Wood) enters the Parnassian Free-for-all backed by Ambrose Bierce. In the Dedication we are told that from Mr. Bierce's "unquestioned hand" the "splendid weight" of the "solemn laurels" has fallen on Mr. Stirling's brow,

"Beyond a lesser to recall."

For ourselves we might have been so crude as to affirm that Mr. Stirling's "loud symphonious lay" is blown through brass. We might, in our madness, have gone on to say that, despite his ear for the strong line, and his mastery over the chest-tones of verse, his work is largely given over to wordiness; that its meaning is elusive; that it lacks distinction. Fortunately we were warned in time; the amenities may prevail. We present Mr. Stirling's altisonant sonnet on

THE NILE.

Low moaning in the shadows of their might,
I echo all the voices of my dead.
I call until their memory be fled,
Thoth and Osiris sepulchred in night,
High Cheops and the Ramses. In my sight
Arise the ruins of their pomp, stained red
As by eternal sunset. I am led
To where the seas are mystery and light.

Thus ordered stand thy destinies, O Soul!
Thou callest, ere the lesser vision flee,
Thy cherished fled before thee to the goal
Far in the shadows of Eternity.
Thou art drawn down to where Death's thunders roll,
And lost at twilight in a stranger sea.

It happens that the latest piping from Mr. Badger's noisy nest of singing birds is not so shrill as that of other songsters who have been lured from bush to hand. The twoscore brief poems which compose Mr. Hilton R. Greer's 'Sun Gleams and Gossamers' include none which tempts to quotation. The inspiration is slender, and the artistic mediation of it imperfect, yet there are in the earlier lines of several poems some pretty pictures of nature, done with a refreshing actuality of observation. As soon as the poet makes the lyric return from nature to his own mood, the poem goes flat, yet the prelude has been pleasant. Objectively considered, such pieces are naught; but where the tone is so soft and uninsistent, the critical reader will hesitate to push the objective standard. He will prefer to recall with Sidney in Landor that "the most plaintive ditty hath imparted a fuller joy, and of longer duration, to its composer, than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian."

From such thin reed notes to the "clamorque virum clangorque tubarum" which fill Mr. Thomas Hardy's Napoleonic drama, 'The Dynasts' (Macmillan) is a far cry. 'The Dynasts' is an emprise that makes even Prof.

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Shaler's pentalogy of which we lately had to speak seem puny. The present volume is the first of three which will present "the Great Historical Calamity or Clash of Peoples, artificially brought about some hundred years ago," in nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty scenes. In his preface Mr. Hardy affirms his intention to write a closet drama, for closet drama, he is inclined to think, is the ultimate type of all drama, and, indeed, the only one suited to a meditative world which is "older, more invidious, more nervous, more quizzical than it once was." This is a ticklish assumption, and it may be gravely doubted whether a nervous and quizzical world will be anything but regretful that a writer of Mr. Hardy's power should leave a field in which he was acknowledged master to produce a work so uncouth and forbidding as 'The Dynasts.' The question for us is, How far is the performance poetic? The first expedient adopted by Mr. Hardy toward the idealization essential to poetry is the old one of supernatural machinery. He introduces certain Phantom Intelligences, The Ancient Spirit of the Years, The Spirit of the Pities, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, etc. These spirits give utterance to superhumanly pessimistic sentiments in a style quite superhuman. We have, for example, this description of the attitude of the Creative Will, whom Mr. Hardy prefers to style "It":

> "It lends Its heed
> To other worlds, being wearied out with this;
> Wherefore Its mindlessness of earthly woes.
> Some, too, have told at whiles that rightfully
> Its warefulness, Its care, this planet lost
> When in her early growth and crudity
> By bad, mad acts of severance men contrived,
> Working such nescience by their own device."

The expressions of the Phantom Intelligences never have the lyrical melody which has sometimes sufficed to make such utterances convincing; and it may be said categorically that they do not fulfil Mr. Hardy's hope, and cause "that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith." The mortal characters are little better. The talk in prose of the Wessex peasantry which occurs intermittently throughout the piece has the glamour and tang of literature; but the poetic dialogue in very pedestrian blank verse, wherein we are introduced to the House of Commons, the Council Chamber of Napoleon, or the cockpit of the *Victory*, is interesting chiefly from the weight of the action understood to be passing. Yet, when all has been said, the piece is poetically effective in precisely the way which might have been expected from the impressive intellectuality that has marked the novels of Mr. Hardy, as well as his strong, harsh verse. The means of presenting the action has something of the sublime. The reader is deified by the stage directions into a spectator sitting above the clouds, which unroll first to the one side, then to the other, offering panoramically to his view the great events which are passing on the wide stage of Europe and the adjacent seas. At times, by these stage directions, his gaze is made as intensive as it is extensive, and the result is a vision of the world in which the idealism of Carlyle, the scientific monism of Spencer, and the pessimism of Mr. Hardy queerly, yet effectively, blend. Thus, before Austerlitz, we are told:

> "*The silent insect-creep of the Austrian columns towards the banks of the Inn continues to be seen until the view fades to nebulousness and dissolves.*"

And at the climax of the battle we are granted a "weird seizure" of almost ghastly vividness:

> "*At once, as earlier, a preternatural clearness possesses the atmosphere of the battlefield, in which the scene becomes anatomized and the living masses of humanity transparent. The controlling Immanent Will appears therein as a brainlike network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms.*"

This is the kind of quasi-poetic vision which gives 'The Dynasts' unity and—for all its uncouthness—power. It is the poetry of wonder in a larger kind. It is not wonder at the beauty of the rose, or the purity of maidenhood, or even at the mystery of death. It is wonder of the Lucretian sort that Mr. Hardy foreshadowed in a memorable passage in his 'Two on a Tower.' It is the emotion which comes to a man without religious faith when he passes in imagination beyond the flaming ramparts of the world into the bottomless universe of science. How far this impulse will avail toward making Mr. Hardy's completed trilogy a work of art, it is not safe to affirm. From the present portion, however, it seems likely that his lack of control over his medium will keep the work from quite conforming to any conceivable or valid æsthetic standard. It is likely, if completed, to remain one of those pieces of imaginative incunabula which, marking as they do the thought of a moody age, are made in time the basis of better work by better workmen.

The Ideals of the East. By Kakasu Okakura. E. P. Dutton & Co.

There may be other Japanese, and possibly a few aliens, who possess the information which Mr. Okakura has at his finger ends, but we doubt whether any native excels him in penetrative insight and comprehensive vision. It is quite certain that no foreigner has as yet read so clearly the meaning and suggestion of Japanese art, in its complete evolution from the letterless age to this day of the steam printing-press and the advertiser's trumpet blast. Furthermore, those who have seriously attempted to transfer the symbols of Buddhist and other Asiatic thought into the intellectual atmosphere of the Occident will feel like congratulating Mr. Okakura. He has succeeded admirably in expressing in our tongue the conceptions that underlie Asiatic art and poetry. We question the ability of any living foreigner to explore and present sympathetically, with such truth and clearness, force and suggestiveness, the Asian world of art ideas.

The contention of the author, as well as of his friend in Calcutta, Nivedita, who furnishes the introduction, is that

> "Asia, the great Mother, is for ever One. . . . The Himalayas divide only to accentuate two mighty civilizations, the Chinese, with its communism of Confucius, and the Indian, with its individualism of the Vedas. But not even the snowy barrier can interrupt for one moment that broad expanse of love for the Ultimate and Universal which is the common thought-inheritance of every Asiatic race, enabling them to produce all the great religions of the world, and distinguishing them from those maritime peoples of the Mediterranean who love to dwell on the Particular and to search out the means, not the ends, of life."

On this fundamental idea, the founder of the New Hall of Fine Arts (Nippon Bijitsuin) near Tokio, a sort of Japanese Merton Abbey, proceeds to show the range of ideas in the art of Asia, and to demonstrate that the whole culture of Continental Asia converges upon Japan, and finds free, living expression in her art. To him, all Asiatic culture is broadly divisible into Chinese learning and Indian religion. It is not the industrial and ornamental features of his country's art which really forms its characteristic element, but that great life of the Ideal by which it is hardly known as yet in Europe.

We have in Mr. Okakura's work an entirely new reading and interpretation of the history of Eastern Asia, for he shows that it was not the Buddhaizing, but the Indianizing, of the Mongolian mind which was the process actually at work during the centuries after the Christian era. The whole mythology of the East came to Japan, but the islanders, instead of merely imitating or adopting, selected. They assimilated only as they thought proper. To call this long process by the simple name of Buddhism would be like calling the Christianity, say of Germany, by the name of Franciscanism. Japan was Indianized by sea as well as by land, and by way of the south as well as from the north.

The true burden of Japanese art, when studied in its entirety, is the expression in symbol of all Asian culture. In the stream called Buddhism the ethical genius of northern China and the rich imaginativeness of southern Asia were overflowed and united. The doctrinal and missionary evolutions of Buddhism, in its various "vehicles" or forms, within the Japanese archipelago gave rise to the intense pantheism of the Heian period (800-900 A. D.), the emotionalism of the Fujiwara (900-1200), the heroic manliness of the Kamakura (1200-1400), while the greatness of the present, or Meiji, period (1868-) has been accomplished through the revival of pure Shinto, the primitive religion of Yamato or early Japan—that is, Shintoism largely shorn of merely borrowed Buddhistic elements.

But now all lovers of the Orient stand dismayed before the disintegration of taste and ideals which is coming about in consequence of competition with the West. Mr. Okakura's book is a trumpet-blast recalling the Asiatic peoples to the pursuit of those proper ends which have constituted their greatness in the past and are capable of bringing about its restitution. The author's method of procedure is practically to restate the history of Japan, in condensed form, from the point of view of art. In a certain way 'The Ideals of the East' reminds us of Mr. Brooks Adams's 'The New Empire,' having all the suggestiveness and not quite the exaggeration of the American writer's volume. Having been for the best part of his adult lifetime a student of his nation's art-products, especially of those stored in the imperial treasure-houses gathered during a thousand years, and some of them unopened for centuries, Mr. Okakura has, in China and India, made detailed study and comparison with the art of the continent. Analyzing with keen insight the intellectual products of northern and southern China and surveying the primitive art of Japan, he gives the historic, chronological, and philosophic basis of many of those symbols which form the re-

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pertory and stock in trade of the artists of the Far East. The dragon, for example, is the symbol of infinity, of endless change, and of the supreme sovereignty; hence, also, of the imperial person. Out of the experiments in alchemy came the wonderful porcelain glazes of China. The search for the elixir of life, the potion of immortality, in the Eastern seas, resulted in one of the first settlements of Asian continentals in Japan.

Re-reading the story of Buddhism in Indian art, our author traces the course of culture eastward, where, in the "Islands Lying at the Break of Day," rose, in the ninth century, a forest of sculpture, a new morning of painting, a glory of temple and shrine on the landscape, and, in palace and monastery, an outburst of literary production. These, through seven periods, each of which is analyzed and described, viz., from 552 A. D. to the present time, have made the true civilization of Japan. With each new wave of culture came fresh fertilizations of the Japanese mind. The lover of Japanese art and history is tempted to liberal quotation, which space will not allow. Suffice it to say that, as an interpretation of Japanese history through art, this book is unique and worthy of the closest study.

The author's belief in the power of Japanese art to hold its own against the onslaught of the West is grounded on Mikadoism. "The wild whirlpool of individualism, seeking ever to make its own stormy will its law, would have dashed the nation to pieces in its seething turmoil had not the solid rock of adamantine loyalty formed its immovable base." He praises the strange tenacity of his race, "nurtured in the shadow of a sovereignty unbroken from its beginning," and he assures us that while Japan borrows the forces of Western civilization, yet "the sad problems of Western society turn us to seek a higher solution in Indian religion and Chinese ethics." It is the mission of Japan, the new Asiatic power, to return to her own past ideals not only, but also to feel and revivify the dormant life of the old Asiatic unity. Mr. Okakura's last word is, "Victory from within, or a mighty death without."

It need only be added by the cold-hearted Western critic that Mr. Okakura is not an historian, but an interpreter of history through art. Entering those undated regions of eternal time, first officially mapped out as to chronology in 1872, in which he places the origin of Japan's imperial dynasty, he is as clueless and helpless as we poor mortals who have to depend on almanacs and calculations. When he talks about things after 552 A. D., at which point written history begins, he is clear, forcible and convincing, speaking as one having authority, and not as the scribes. In those portions of his argument which rest on the idea of political sovereignty "unbroken from eternity," he will be more convincing to Japanese peasants and those "educated" Japanese who, like so many orthodox Christians of to-day, wear blinkers as to certain questions inquiry into which might dispel pleasing and even profitable illusions.

The Oligarchy of Venice. By George B. McClellan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

The fact that since writing this little book Mr. McClellan has been elected mayor of Greater New York will naturally give it a passing notoriety. Some readers may be drawn to it not so much to discover what Venice was as what Mr. McClellan is; and in this they will not be wholly disappointed, because in his criticism of Venetian events he lets drop here and there opinions which he obviously means to apply to contemporary American politics. In one sense, indeed, his study may be regarded almost as a warning against the doctrine of Imperialism. We shall not criticise the book from the standpoint of Mr. McClellan the politician, but from that of the historical student. What contribution does he make to our knowledge of Venetian history?

At the outset we must declare that he makes very little. His monograph cannot be compared with Mr. Horatio Brown's larger work, nor even with Mr. Brown's epitome printed a year or two ago in the Temple Primers series. The reason is not because Mr. McClellan has chosen a single side of Venetian history, but because he lacks the historian's instinct. He proposes to describe the purely political evolution of the Republic, and he does so in such fashion that often where he is literally correct he is wholly wrong in spirit. He has such a detestation of the very word "oligarchy" as many good persons have of "Tammany." Accordingly, he tries to persuade us that the disasters and final collapse of Venice were caused by the oligarchy. It seems never to have occurred to him that forms of government are not inevitably good or bad; that there have been benevolent despotisms and unworthy democracies; that liberty has thriven under limited monarchies as well as under republics. The point for the historian of Venice to illuminate is how an oligarchy grew up there as the true expression of the nation's ideals and as the best fulfilment of the nation's needs: for the oligarchy was as inevitable in Venice as the leonine characteristics are in the lion, and instead of assuming that it must have been always bad, the duty of the historian should be to show what it actually accomplished. If you lay the blame of the fall of Venice on her oligarchic system, you must in fairness give to that system the credit for the centuries on centuries of Venetian prosperity, splendor, and civilization. But Mr. McClellan does not discriminate. He traces clearly enough the steps by which the governmental organism was perfected; but the reader could hardly guess from his pages how that organism really affected the lives of the Venetians.

Equally serious is Mr. McClellan's dulness of perception of the time element in history. He makes generalizations which may fit a particular period, but are misleading for earlier or later times. As Venice endured eleven hundred years, this defect is peculiarly harmful in her case. For Mr. McClellan it would seem that *once* and *always* are synonyms, and that circumstances do not alter cases. We share his abhorrence of American expansion in the Philippines, but this does not blind us to the fact that the Venetian expansion had different causes and should be judged by its own moral and political results. To condemn Venice for extending her dominion on *terra firma* without stating the reasons which led her to that "folly," is neither historical nor candid. The Chioggian war taught her that unless she controlled the adjacent mainland, on which she chiefly depended for her food supply, she might at any moment be blockaded and starved. That sort of expansion has nothing in common with the American wild-goose chase in the Philippines.

Nor can we agree that the decline and fall of the Republic were directly due to the oligarchy. We perceive that nations and political systems grow old and decay, just as individuals do, and that any system must be expected to wear out after a thousand years. In order to establish a case against the oligarchy, it would be necessary to show that republics and monarchies do not become enfeebled with age, and that great wealth, the reward of centuries of toil and enterprise and thrift, will surely corrupt an oligarchic society, but strengthen the moral fibre of democracies and empires. Mr. McClellan does not sufficiently emphasize the effect of the discovery of America and of the water route to India on the fortunes of Venice. If ever the Fates dealt an irremediable blow to a nation, they dealt it to Venice then. Her geographical position was her destiny, and, after the stream of commerce and civilization flowed away, by no fault of hers, through far-distant channels, she could not draw them back. The change made her obsolete as a world power, just as the introduction of railroads made stage-coaches obsolete.

Instead of inveighing against the oligarchy, an historian should show what the oligarchy did to postpone the inevitable collapse. He should tell how the Signory met and survived the League of Cambray—a feat which no incompetent government and no debased people could have achieved. He should tell how for two hundred years, though sinking into old age, the Republic maintained, for the most part single-handed, a magnificent resistance to the Turks, and how, in spite of her final defeat, she did not desist until the power of the Ottoman was broken forever. Such reminders as these would be more to the purpose than are stale arraignments of oligarchy. Or, it would be better even to show how, if any other form of government could have saved Venice, it could have been organized. No historian has done this—we think that none will; but it offers a pretty problem for historical visionaries.

The greatest pity is, however, that Mr. McClellan's book will temporarily resuscitate the ancient, false view of Venice which reputable historians during the past fifty years have tried to dispel. Since Romanin published his monumental work, fortified by countless documents, there has been no excuse for perpetuating the legend that the Venetians were a narrow, cruel, backward people, semi-barbaric in their love of display, materialistic and shopkeeping in their spirit. By a paradox, the city which was for centuries the best governed, the most humane, and the most sanitary in Europe, is still popularly supposed to have abounded in crimes and judicial outrages, and in unhealthy conditions. Even Mr. McClellan goes out of his way to mention that state prisoners were strangled—as if that form of execution were peculiarly atrocious or were practised only in Venice. The romancer's and the playwright's misconception of Venice, as the abode of *bravi* and of terrible Councillors and Inquisitors,

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ought to be outlawed; it has run its course in fiction, and it never represented the historical truth.

A writer in search of melodrama will of course pitch on the few exceptional occurrences in Venetian history, and ignore the genuine national character as expressed throughout a millennium. And if, like Mr. McClellan, he has no historical time-sense, he can easily cause the exceptional to appear as the habitual, and the immense service which Venice rendered to civilization to be forgotten. A single sentence reveals Mr. McClellan's incurable defect as an historian: Venice, he says, "ceased to exist as abruptly as she began." Abruptness is surely the last attribute to be associated with Venice. Founded about 450 A. D., she grew slowly, and only in 1000 became a great power according to the measure of that age; her decline began about 1500, and her last flickering breath was stifled by Napoleon in 1797. To suggest that a state which took more than five hundred years in growing to maturity, and three hundred years in dying, with five centuries of prime between, was *abrupt*, is to misuse language, or to misread history. Had Mr. McClellan ever had a clear idea of what it means for any form of government to outlive the shocks of a thousand years (or of five hundred, if we reckon with him the closing of the Great Council as the date from which the oligarchy predominated), he would have been less ready to decry the Venetian oligarchs; but, even then, he would lack most of the essentials of the historian.

It is so desirable that our public men should be educated, if not scholarly, that we are disposed to welcome every one of them who comes forward as a serious student of history. Hence we regret the more keenly that we have to point out such vital defects in Mr. McClellan's essay. Remembering that England counts among her public leaders historical writers like Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, Sir George Trevelyan, and Lord Rosebery, we feel that our American "scholars in politics"—President Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and Mayor McClellan—have not adequately upheld the literary prestige of America. It may be unpatriotic to say so, but it is the truth.

Mezzotints. By Cyril Davenport, F. S. A. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1903. Large 8vo, pp. xiv., 207.

This volume affords a pleasant indication of a survival of interest in mezzotint engraving (which Sir Joshua Reynolds pronounced the best of all modes of engraving "to express a painter-like feeling"), notwithstanding the remarkable development of mechanical processes which have recently usurped the field formerly occupied by the hand-workers on wood and metal. The vast utility and low cost of the many processes of photo-engraving may justify their present exclusive use for book illustration where exactness is of primary importance. The half-tone print and the process block are certainly better in every way than the average hand-wrought engravings that immediately preceded them. But the noble art of engraving, as a means of original artistic expression, has a character and value as such with which no process work can be compared, and for which such work can never be a satisfactory substitute. The interest in mezzotints appears to have fallen off before the introduction of the mechanical processes, and its revival had its tangible beginning, as this author tells us, in an exhibition of the mezzotint plates of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' held by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in the year 1872, which was followed in 1881, 1886, and 1902 by exhibitions of other works of the most eminent mezzotint engravers.

Mr. Davenport discusses the materials, tools, and processes employed by the mezzotint engraver, the development of mezzotint out of roulette work, the method of prolonging the life of a mezzotint on copper by the process of steeling, the varieties of effect that may be got by manipulation and by tricks in printing, and the care of prints. The process of mezzotint engraving grew out of roulette work, *i. e.*, the use of an instrument devised to lighten the labor of dotting. The method of producing shade by dots instead of lines, or in connection with lines, dates back to the earliest times of metal engraving; but the primitive workman cut his dots one by one with the graver point. In the seventeenth century a small-toothed wheel, fixed at the end of a steel shaft, came into use, and by working this over the plate a great many minute incisions were easily made which, holding the ink, produced in the print a dotted shade. It was soon seen that the whole surface of the plate might be evenly roughened in this way, so as to print a uniform field of shade, and that this roughened surface might be smoothed again in places with a burnisher so as to give the complete light and shade of a shaded design. To further facilitate the roughening process a roulette in the form of a toothed cylinder was devised, so that with such a roulette and a burnisher an elaborate effect of chiaroscuro might be obtained with a minimum of mechanical labor. Work of this kind appears to have been first practised by Von Siegen and Prince Rupert, about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The developed art of mezzotint has a different character, and is wrought with different tools. The roughening process is done with the rocker, a chisel-shaped instrument with a rounded edge and a series of fine channels cut lengthwise on its face. The ridges between the channels form a series of minute teeth on the bevelled edge, so that when rocked over the plate they cut in, and, by repeated rocking, produce a finely granulated surface, with myriads of minute incisions and raised points of burr. The lights are got with a scraper which cuts off the burr, and further smooths the surface to any degree that may be necessary to give the desired amount of light in the print. This perfected manner of mezzotinting appears to have been introduced by Blooteling, a Dutch engraver, who practised his art in England for a time toward the close of the seventeenth century, and gave rise to the remarkable English school of mezzotint engravers. The list of English engravers in mezzotint is a long and an honorable one, beginning with William Sherwin, a follower of Blooteling, and including the names of Earlom, Lucas, and Lupton, who developed the process to its highest point of excellence. But the superiority of the later work to that of the earlier time often consists in little more than greater fineness of the mezzotint ground, giving a velvety depth to the deepest shades, and in superior skill in scraping. The connoisseur is prone to magnify the importance of these mechanical qualities, and Mr. Davenport betrays a tendency to do so. Mezzotint engraving is only a means to an end. In the hands of an artist of ability it is capable of producing very admirable results; but mere skilful rocking and scraping have no value in themselves, and even mechanically imperfect rocking may be no obstacle to the production of a beautiful work of art.

The author discusses (pp. 87-88) the fitness of the process for different classes of subjects, and inclines to the conclusion that it is not well suited to landscape. He gives no reasons for this view, which is clearly without foundation. Mezzotint is suited to any kind of subject in which full chiaroscuro is required; but for all subjects some foundation of etching in connection with it is needed to define forms and accentuate details. In fact, etching and mezzotint are mutually supplementary processes, and to determine the just proportion of each in any given case requires nice artistic judgment.

On page 13 occurs the questionable statement that

"Some art processes help their votaries, some do not. Line engraving helps least of all the methods of engraving upon metal; etching with acid helps most. An unskilled draughtsman can be made to produce an etching with artistic qualities in it. Mezzotinting comes between these two extremes. It is easy to produce a bad mezzotint, but excessively difficult to produce a good one."

It would be better to say that some processes offer fewer mechanical difficulties than others, and are therefore better suited to original artistic expression. Only spurious artistic qualities are possible to an unskilled draughtsman. Accomplished draughtsmanship is a fundamental qualification of the etcher. And to say that it is difficult to produce a good mezzotint is incorrect; mezzotinting is an easy process, and to produce a good mezzotint is easy to an accomplished artist, and impossible to any one else.

The photogravure illustrations fail to represent the original prints truly. In the "Standard-Bearer" by Prince Rupert facing page 68, for instance, the color values are very imperfectly reproduced, and the modelling is more than half lost. The same is true of the Von Huysam, facing page 140; while in the "Inverary Pier" of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' facing page 182, every quality of the original is falsified. But the book contains a good deal of interesting and instructive matter, and is handsomely made up.

The Indians of the Painted Desert Region: Hopis, Navahoes, Wallapais, Havasupais. By George Wharton James. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This is a beautifully illustrated book; the pictures, all taken from photographs, are strikingly attractive, and very well selected for the text. The author is sensible of this, and also of his ability to do justice to his subject. He writes of himself (p. xx, preface): "To those who know the persistency and conscientiousness of my labors in my chosen field, and the pains I take both

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by observation and from the works of authorities to gain accurate knowledge, and my *overwillingness* to acknowledge by pen and voice those to whom I am indebted, it will not be necessary to state that I have endeavored to make this book a standard."

Mr. James certainly writes well. His descriptions of nature are fascinating, only somewhat too flowery for a country where aridity prevails to an extent almost appalling; but this is a matter of individual taste and feeling, and no two pairs of eyes see alike. There is abundant "local color," but the paint is sometimes laid on too thick for reality. Mr. James is evidently in love with the region, and also to a certain extent with its aboriginal inhabitants. But he is also just to the Europeans who first came in contact with them, the Spaniards, which is not always the case in works of the kind. He well says, regarding the causes that led to the bitter hostility of the Navajos towards the Spanish settlers: "And here we have, I believe, one of the additional sources of enmity between the Navaho and the Spaniard. As their wards, the Spanish were in duty bound to care for and protect the pueblos." This statement was, we believe, made years ago, and not as a mere "belief," but with abundant evidence drawn from reliable sources.

There is no lack of personal incident in this entertaining volume, with its narrative of travel and episodes from the author's intercourse with the aborigines of the several tribes mentioned in the title. His personality appears frequently in these tales, but not in too prominent a manner, nor are the stories sensational or marked by exaggeration. They are told agreeably, and fittingly illustrate the country and its inhabitants. True to his profession of "overwillingness" in acknowledging sources from which he drew information, Mr. James appends more than three pages of the "literature" of his theme. He quotes abundantly in his text, but, above all, is careful to give a full list of his own writings. It includes, to all appearances, every newspaper article emanating from his pen, and is consequently of the nature of a timely advertisement of himself and what he calls "his labors in my chosen field." On the whole, he has attained his object, which was "to place in compact form for the general reader reliable accounts of places and peoples in the United States hitherto known only to the explorer and scientist."

Of the four clusters of Western Indians described, the Havasupay, dwelling in Cataract Cañon, are the least known, and the information furnished about them is therefore the more welcome. How much of what he records—of their folklore, for instance—is the result of Mr. James's own investigations is not made quite clear. His description of the practices of the Havasupay shamans offers nothing very new in fact. That their ways "are similar to those of fakirs in all lands and ages" is a very just remark, and incidents almost identical with those he relates on pages 256 and 257 are well known from many parts of the American continent. It remains to Mr. James's credit, however, that he has recorded them in the case of a tribe so little known.

To criticise the author for one or two errors in Spanish words and sentences would be unfair, since he makes no claim to knowledge of the Spanish language. That "tintero" is the proper term and not "tintaro" is self-evident, and also that we should read "desierto pintado" instead of "pintado desierto," as in the preface.

A History of Bethlehem, Pa., 1741-1892. By Joseph Mortimer Levering, Bishop of the Moravian Church. (Issued as a Memorial Volume by the Sesquicentennial Committee of the Moravian Congregation of Bethlehem.) Bethlehem, Pa., 1903. Pp. xvi., 810.

The Moravian Church, or, as it is known in Germany, the Brüderkirche, is the lineal heir of the preaching and work of John Hus. The Ancient Unitas Fratrum, preserved in the "hidden seed," literally in "dens and caves of the earth," driven by persecution emigrated in 1725 from Moravia, and sought refuge on the estates of Count Zinzendorf in Silesia. Here the enthusiastic Count organized the Renewed Unity of the Brethren, and included within it the Moravian exiles. This organization within the State Church of Germany had for its purpose the spread of evangelical teachings, and thus constituted itself a vehicle for missionary effort. In 1740, after having made a vain effort to establish a colony in Georgia, the Count determined to found a mission centre in Pennsylvania. At first, under the leadership of Peter Boehler, the Brethren devoted themselves to the construction and management of a school for negro children that had been planned by Whitefield on his lands in the barony of Nazareth. But as Whitefield and Boehler fell into dispute on doctrinal points, the Brethren withdrew from the scheme and moved ten miles south to the banks of the Lehigh River, where, on lands purchased from William Allen, they erected a log house, half living-room, half stable. On Christmas Eve, in 1741, came Count Zinzendorf, and in the midst of the evening worship, in a burst of his characteristic enthusiasm, he led the little band from the living-room to the stable, singing the hymn of Adam Drese:

> "Nicht Jerusalem, sondern Bethlehem,
> Aus dir kommet, was mir frommet."

And thus the little settlement received its name.

Zinzendorf's plan was to form in Pennsylvania a union of all the numerous bickering religions and sects that were scattered over the State, and then to use the force of this union for the purpose of Christianizing the Indians. He did not wish to absorb all these elements within the Moravian Church (p. 84); but, rather, just as the Moravian Church formed a part of the Unity of the Brethren, so should all the religions and sects of the colony be united, each possessing its measure of identity, for the furtherance of greater effort. Bethlehem was planned as the centre of radiating energy. It became, and that quite naturally, the target for the hot shot of all sorts of opposition. The seven so-called Pennsylvania synods at which the plan was discussed augmented this opposition, but also stimulated individual effort, and when the overenthusiastic, if somewhat hasty and tactless, Count returned to Europe in 1743, his purpose had to some extent been accomplished, though in a fashion that he did not understand.

Zinzendorf's successor and agent in the management of the settlement, Augustus Spangenberg, gradually abandoned the Union idea, and devoted the energies of his people to the conversion of the Indians. The colony was constituted a General Economy of a type quite different from those developed later at Harmony and at Zoar. There was no community of personal funds, for there was no personal investment on the part of the settlers. Rather it was a community of support, since all of the original cost of the undertaking had been paid for with money accumulated in Germany, much of it being actually from Zinzendorf's private means. The aim was to make the most, for the moment, of insufficient funds, and the arrangement was never looked upon as permanent. By it half the workers were constantly available in the mission field, while the remainder maintained the farms and the trades. To save roofs, the various classes or "choirs"—the unmarried men, the unmarried women, the married couples, the children—were accommodated in separate buildings. This segregation remained in force until after 1762, when families were given the opportunity to erect homes for themselves on rented land.

The French war brought trouble for the settlement. Its neighbors distrusted the Moravians as having constant intercourse with the Indians, and it was only through the friendly mediation of Benjamin Franklin that this feeling was prevented from breaking out in an open attack upon the village. As it was, the work of the Brethren suffered severely from Indian raids. In the meantime the former oligarchical government had given place to one less paternal. The village had now, besides its Helpers' Conference, representing the European authority, its *Aufseher Collegium* (Selectmen); and before the end of the Revolution these latter were chosen in open town meeting, not always dominated by the Helpers' Conference. During the Revolution the influence of the oligarchy was exerted to keep the villagers in the position of non-combatants, though few of them were Tories. Here, again, immunity from the suspicions of their neighbors was purchased by the location, within the Brethren's House, of the General Hospital of the Continental Army.

While the village could not be accused of Toryism, the authorities in Europe looked with small favor on the democratic movement in America. Hence, when the war was over, John F. Reichel was sent to choke off the possible entrance of nationalizing forces, and a new close régime was inaugurated. Then for thirty years, until 1817, representation in the Council was by classes, and the Selectmen were identical with the Helpers. But the general era of prosperity that opened with the nineteenth century brought to bear a force from without that no "protection" walls could withstand. Business and society were making demands that had to be met. First, the women rebelled at the wearing of distinctive headgear (p. 617). Then the younger Brethren became unruly and had to be disciplined. Then the more important citizens openly denounced official demagogy, and refused to consider themselves insubordinate when reproved. Finally, the forces from without conquered and the close régime was abandoned. Slowly the last financial connections with the Old World were severed, the ground-rents were satisfied, and the close community of dependent factors became a village of some 500 individuals. It was after 1830 that land was freely sold to any buyer, and it was after 1852 that the

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last link in the European chain was severed. Bishop Levering's book is, perhaps, too bulky by reason of details that have been inserted to satisfy a certain class of local buyers. It contains a large number of half-tones of fair quality, most of them reproductions of old and rare paintings and drawings, and it is well indexed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Raymond Macdonald. Consolatio: A Memorial Ode. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co. 50 *cents.*
Asser's Life of King Alfred. Edited by William Henry Stevenson. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 12s. net.
Barry, William. The Dayspring. (Fiction.) Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Belloc, Madame. In Fifty Years. (Verse.) London: Sands & Co.
Brastow, Lewis O. Representative Modern Preachers. The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Cone, John A. The Man Who Pleases and the Woman Who Charms. Hinds & Noble. 75 cents, postpaid.
Dudeney, Mrs. Henry. The Story of Susan. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Everitt, J. A. The Third Power. (Farmers to the Front.) Indianapolis: The Hallenbeck Press. Cloth, $1; paper, 50 cents.
Farquhar, Anna. An Evans of Suffolk. (Fiction.) Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Gardner, Edmund G. Siena and San Gimignano. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.
Hanus, Paul H. A Modern School. The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Konkle, Burton Alva. The Life and Times of Thomas Smith, 1745-1809. Philadelphia: Campion & Co. $4 net.
Kuhn, Julius. Glimpses into the Moral and Physical Labyrinths of Nature. Conshohocken, Pa.: The Natural Truths Association.
Leavitt, T. H. Facts about Peat. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1 net; postage 10 cents.
Lectures on Commerce. Edited by Henry Rand Hatfield. Chicago: The University of Chicago. $1.50 net.
Leupp, Francis E. The Man Roosevelt. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net; postage 10 cents.
Mackay, Katherine. The Stone of Destiny. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.25.
Maspero, G. Histoire Ancienne des Peuples de l'Orient. Sixième ed. Paris: Hachette et Cie.
Miller, Elizabeth. The Yoke. (Fiction.) Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Mimes of Herodas. Introduction and commentary by J. Arbuthnot Nairn. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 12s. 6d. net.
Patten, John. A Plan for Increasing the Humidity of the Arid Region. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.
Poore, H. R. Pictorial Composition. Revised ed. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
Russell, George W. E., and Sichel, Edith. The Woodhouse Correspondence. (Fiction.) Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Sawyer, Josephine Caroline. All's Fair in Love. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Stoker, Bram. The Jewel of Seven Stars. (Fiction.) Harper & Bros. $1.50.
Talbot, Edith Armstrong. Samuel Chapman Armstrong. (Biography.) Doubleday, Page & Co.
The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. X.—1597-1599. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co $4 net.
Thorpe, Francis Newton. The Life of William Pepper. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Townsend, Meredith. Asia and Europe. Second ed. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Twenty Piano Transcriptions by Franz Liszt. Edited by August Spanuth. (The Musicians' Library.) Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. Paper, $1.50; cloth, gilt, $2.50.
Velasquez. Newnes's Art Library. London: George Newnes; New York: Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.
Wagner, Col. Arthur L. Strategy. Kansas City, Mo.: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Wagner's Parsifal. Libretto, English and German text. Translated by H. L. and F. Corder. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.
Waller, Augustus D. The Signs of Life from their Electrical Aspect. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25 net.
Weekes, Agnes Russell. Yarborough, the Premier. (Fiction.) Harper & Brothers. $1.50.
Wells, Horace L. Tables for Chemical Calculations. Henry Holt & Co. $1 net.
Whitlock, Brand. Her Infinite Variety. (Fiction.) Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
Wilkins, W. H. A Queen of Tears. (Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Norway.) Two vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $12.
Zangwill, I. Merely Mary Ann. The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.
Ziwet, Alexander. Elements of Theoretical Mechanics. Revised ed. The Macmillan Co.

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